

The CANADIAN FORUM

An Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts

A Rude Awakening

► FRANCE, IN THE WORDS of her Premier, had fallen into a deep sleep and her dreams are filled with longings for a past that is gone and with forebodings of a future that is dark. The phrase was used in a brilliant speech delivered to the National Assembly on August 10, when M. Mendès-France presented his program for strengthening the French economy. On the whole, the Premier's metaphor is on the cheerful side. The economy of France is in a bad way: it turns out too few goods, and the goods it does turn out cost more than they should. Poverty leads to domestic strife and to reliance on American aid which only makes it worse. Poverty prevents France from taking the lead in the economic development of the French Union and from taking her place in the armed vigil throughout the world. It impairs her ability to safeguard her own heritage and forces her allies to turn to less costly and less troublesome supporters whose moral credentials are spotty. Much depends, therefore, on the image being apt as well as optimistic.

It is easy to underestimate the magnitude of the problem facing those who are now attempting a reconstruction of the French economy because the damage from which it suffers is hidden even to the trained eye of the experienced traveler. It is present none the less in almost every walk of economic life. The output of the French economy in the past year was only slightly higher than it was in 1929; in 1953, the year of the slight recession, it fell more sharply than the output of any other European country (in the same year Germany's output rose faster than that of any other European country with the exception of Sweden); one third of the working force of France is employed on the farms and turns out only one fifth of the total output because farming techniques are old-fashioned, farms are small, equipment out of date, and fertilizers in scant use; industries which cater directly to consumers are poorly manned and poorly equipped, largely because incomes of workers and farmers are low; wholesaling and retailing are notoriously inefficient and absorb too many of the country's scarce resources; the standard of living of industrial workers is low, and this makes them restive and susceptible to communist propaganda for unrest. The whole shaky structure is shored up by an amazing variety of tariffs, quotas, restrictive agreements, tax evasions and the like. Perennial foreign exchange difficulties and budget deficits merely indicate that the nation keeps on spending more than it earns, and that its government does likewise.

All this has been said many times before by critics both sadistic and friendly, both inside France and out. The point of repeating it now, lies in reminding M. Mendès-France's spell-bound audience of the magnitude of the task which his economic program is designed to perform. The program itself consists of a carrot and a stick: the carrot, or rather a whole bunch of them, offered to the *patronat* to lure it onto the path of efficient and enlarged production is attractively made up of tax rebates, loans on favorable terms, and special funds for those who will suffer in the process of reconstruction (these funds will go to workers who might have to move, learn a new job and settle into a new environment as well as to business concerns which will be driven out of one line of trade or industry and are willing to make a fresh start in another); the stick is foreign competition, to be felt with ever increasing force as tariffs are progressively lowered and import restrictions are gradually removed.

Neither the program nor the nature of the problems which it is expected to solve is a revelation first granted M. Mendès-France. Many of the measures he proposes have been put into effect by his predecessors, and many others have been put by them before the National Assembly and

(Continued on page 128)

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

A RUDE AWAKENING— <i>Stefan Stykolt</i>	121
CURRENT COMMENT	122
CANADIAN CALENDAR	123
MARCEL PROUST— <i>John S. Wood</i>	125
K. R. POPPER: SOCIAL PHILOSOPHER <i>Anthony M. Mardiros</i>	127
THEATRE REVIEW— <i>Milton Wilson</i>	129
REPRODUCTIONS— <i>Fran Jones</i>	129, 132, 137
O CANADA	130
A SUNDAY PICNIC (Short Story)— <i>Samuel Roddan</i>	131
ON FOOTBALL— <i>Barry Coughlin</i>	133
NFB— <i>Gerald Pratley</i>	134
THE IMPORTANCE OF MUHAMMAD <i>Wilfred Cantwell Smith</i>	135
CORRESPONDENCE	136
TURNING NEW LEAVES— <i>Dennis H. Wrong</i>	136
POETRY	138, 139
BOOKS REVIEWED	140

Current Comment

CCF Convention

The thirteenth national convention of the CCF was held in Edmonton during the last week of July. As usual, a great many resolutions were passed, but there is no indication that the convention marked any important development in CCF policy. Although many CCF members feel that the party needs rejuvenating, those in control of the administration are apparently ready to settle for the mixture as before. But even the leaders who feel that they must talk glowingly of the CCF's future prospects must be somewhat uneasy when they note how little progress has been made toward developing a national party. It is true that the CCF federal M.P.'s are capable, hard-working, and highly respected, but almost all of them represent Saskatchewan or British Columbia ridings. In Saskatchewan the CCF provincial government is still popular after ten years in office, and in B.C. the CCF offers the only practical alternative to the Social Credit government. Outside those two provinces, however, the CCF has made no noticeable gains either federally or provincially in the last ten years. In fact, in Ontario it has gone backward: its legislative strength has now shrunk to two, after having twice elected enough members to form the opposition. But despite their failure in their own province, the Ontario CCF leaders have as many members on the national executive as Saskatchewan and British Columbia combined. Another tendency which has become increasingly marked in the last few years is for the national executive to be dominated by people who are employed by the party or by affiliated unions. Perhaps it is this tendency to let the tail wag the dog that makes the reports of the CCF national convention seem so dull.

Politicking on TV

Before long we shall likely be seeing the politicians in our living rooms as well as hearing them, since recent discussions between CBC officials and political party representatives will undoubtedly result in the CBC providing TV facilities in the near future comparable to the long-established free time political broadcasts in radio.

This will be a new departure. During last summer's federal election all four parties stayed off TV by unanimous agreement. The Canadian system was just being inaugurated and was restricted to a few centres. There was the problem of fitting busy campaign schedules into limited originating facilities. A few adventuresome souls might have skipped over the border and hired American outlets but this would have benefitted the better heeled parties, and so all representatives made a gentlemen's agreement to abstain from this.

Moreover, most of the politicians were dubious of the wisdom of thrusting their visages into voters' homes before being sure that it would benefit their own cause. After all, suppose party stalwarts turned out to be colossal flops on TV . . . ? That problem will soon be bothering party organizers again, and it will be fascinating to see how national figures take to TV, and vice versa also. This new medium of communication could play a significant role in Canadian politics; *vide* American experience.

Another unsolved problem is the nature of the program. CBC regulations for free time radio broadcasts have ex-

cluded any "dramatization," thereby limiting the parties to monologues. But if it has been hard sometimes to listen to one speaker for half an hour, it will likely be much worse to have to look at him as well, so there has been some talk of interviews, panel discussions, and illustrative devices. These, however, move in the direction of dramatized shows and they could be too elaborate and expensive for the poorer parties. Time will tell.

PAUL FOX

Southern Reactions to the U.S. Schools Decision

Some observers have expressed surprise at the relative mildness of the South's reaction to the Supreme Court decision banning segregation in the public schools. It really isn't very surprising, however, for it was obviously the Court's strategy to postpone both the decision and recommendations for its implementation for as long as possible in order to give white Southerners time to accept the inevitable verdict. Whether one is inclined to stress the high principle underlying the decision or its expediency in relation to cold war politics, everyone knew what the decision had to be, although Chief Justice Warren undoubtedly deserves some credit for its unanimity.

One aspect of the Court's timing, however, was unfortunate, namely that the decision came in an election year, for rival politicians have been encouraged to try and outdo one another in denouncing the decision and affirming their support of segregation. Consequently, there has been a certain stiffening of opposition to de-segregation in the past few months. There have been virtually no major incidents involving violence—or at least no publicized ones—such as



EVENTS AND SIGNALS

By F. R. Scott

This is the second volume of Mr. Scott's verse, his first, *Overture*, having appeared in 1945. There is evident in this later work the awareness of social realities, the satiric vein and the purer note of the lyric which marked his earlier writing, also a deeper understanding of "the world behind the world" which is the poet's deeper concern.

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there undoubtedly would have been a scant decade ago, but several state leaders have stopped talking out of both sides of their mouths and have gone on record in support of various schemes to preserve segregation in new guises.

Resistance as might be expected is strongest in those states which are furthest south and have the highest ratio of Negroes to Whites: South Carolina, Mississippi, and Louisiana. In Georgia strong opposition was inevitable because of the county-unit voting system which gives greater political power to rural "black belt" counties. Louisiana has so far been the only state to take a definite official stand: the State Legislature recently passed a measure permitting the state to use its inherent police powers to continue segregated schools. But other states can be expected to try redistricting school zones to separate Negro and White children, the plan favored by Governor Byrnes of South Carolina, or the transforming of the public schools into nominally private schools, a plan that would presumably be ruled illegal for the same reasons as separate public schools. Incidentally, the most important private schools in the South, the Catholic parochial schools, have instituted their own desegregation programs since the Court decision, much to the chagrin of some white Protestants who promptly enrolled their children during the weeks following the announcement of the decision.

Oklahoma, Kentucky, Missouri, West Virginia, Delaware, Kansas, and the District of Columbia are expected to comply voluntarily with the decision. Most of these border and non-Southern states are already planning to desegregate their school systems before this September without waiting for the Court's formal implementation decree. In North Carolina, Arkansas, Tennessee, and Texas there are influential leaders favoring compliance but also some opposing it. In Alabama and Virginia the opposition has the upper hand, but opinion is somewhat less inflamed than in the two Gulf states, Georgia, and South Carolina. All in all the Court's postponement of its implementation decree appears to have been very wise. Separate schools are in one sense the linchpin of the whole structure of segregation and its collapse now confronts the South. There can be little doubt that mixed schools will ultimately be accepted although there may be a good deal of political turbulence encouraged by Dixiecrat Senators and Governors in the next few years.

D.H.W.

Canadian Calendar

- Senator W. A. Buchanan, 78, editor, publisher and leader in Canadian political life for half-a-century, died at Lethbridge, Alberta, on July 11.
- A great vehicular tunnel over two miles long will be built by a government-sponsored authority under the St. Lawrence River from Quebec City to the south shore. It should be ready for use early in 1957.
- Quebec's Catholic Farmers' Union wants the Federal Government to reduce taxes and to recognize the Province's right to certain fields of taxation.
- Unemployment in the Oshawa area of Ontario will swell to 9,000 within the next three or four weeks, said W. Rutherford, vice-president of Local 222, UAW-CIO, on July 14. Nearly 4,200 were workless in the area at that date.
- A Health Department report showed on July 13 that 2,400,000 Canadians were covered under 14 major non-profit medical care insurance plans at the end of 1953, as compared with less than 200,000 in 1946.

- On July 17 an expedition of seven Canadian and seven U.S. investigators, headed by Dr. W. Cameron of the Defence Research Board, Ottawa, left Victoria, B.C., for the Northwest Passage to Banks Island and McClure Strait. They will chart the bottom of the ocean, ocean currents, temperatures, etc., data which will be valuable in case of war.

- Surplus stocks at the International Harvester plant at Hamilton, Ont., have forced the company to abandon operations indefinitely after August 1, it was announced on July 15. More than 1,500 workers are affected.

- U.S. investors poured \$600,000,000 into Canada in 1953, bringing the total of their capital investments to \$8,600,000,000 at the year-end. The 1953 total is the highest on record and represents a 72 per cent increase in the post-war period from the \$5,000,000,000 total at the end of 1945.

- The most important exhibition of Dutch painting ever to cross the Atlantic will be shown in the Art Gallery of Toronto in February and March, 1955. The only other places in America where it will be shown are New York and Toledo, Ohio.

- Attendance records were broken at the end of the third week of the second annual Shakespearean Festival at Stratford, Ont. Total attendance up to July 18 was nearly 41,000, compared with 31,000 at the corresponding date last year.

- The executive of the B.C. Progressive-Conservative Association approved by a 40-24 vote at Vernon, B.C., on July 17, a motion of non-confidence in Federal Leader George Drew.

- Toronto is reported to be changing its eating habits under the influence of the 250,000 European immigrants who have come to the city since the end of the last war. It is turning more and more from its traditional Anglo-American fare toward the basic and luxury foods of Continental Europe.

- The Bureau of Statistics estimates that 185,000 persons were without jobs in the week ending July 19, a drop of 32,000 from a month earlier but still more than double the 90,000 from a year ago.

- Dividend payments by Canadian companies in July total \$47,109,721, compared with \$46,605,222 a year ago and \$47,904,750 for July, 1952. Cumulative total of \$326,758,698 for the first seven months is up from \$312,001,689 to \$317,212,508 respectively for the same periods of 1953 and 1952.

- The Bureau of Statistics reported on July 22 that Canada's larger universities and colleges, helped by increased government grants, made a small profit, collectively, in their 1951-1952 year. These grants, based on the recommendations of the Massey Report, are paid on the basis of 50 cents per head of population in each province and in the year under review \$6,991,000 was paid to 83 institutions in the ten provinces.

- The Board of Transport Commissioners on July 26 gave Trans-Canada Pipelines Ltd. a conditional permit to build the 2,200-mile line from Alberta to the east for the transmission of natural gas.

- One of the strongest sectors in the nation's economy today is the pulp and paper industry. Since the end of last year the pulp and paper stocks have jumped 287 points as compared with an advance of approximately 47 in the index for all industries listed by the Toronto Stock Exchange. Last month the industry established a new record for newsprint production and shipments.

- Maj.-Gen. E. L. M. Burns of Canada has been appointed to replace Maj.-Gen. Vagn Bennike of Denmark as head of the United Nations truce staff in Jerusalem, Israel.
- George Hees, national president of the Progressive Conservative Association, said in Halifax on July 23 that there is no doubt George Drew will lead the party in the next election, despite the motion of non-confidence in his leadership by the executive of the B.C. Progressive-Conservative Association.
- The Bureau of Statistics reported on July 26 that of the 13,540 persons granted Canadian citizenship certificates last year 47 per cent lived in Ontario, 17 per cent in British Columbia, 16 per cent in Quebec. In the early years of this century, and in the 1920's, the bulk of new arrivals settled in the Prairie Provinces but of those granted citizenship last year only 17 per cent. lived in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.
- Metropolitan Toronto ranks at the bottom among cities of North America in relation to the percentage of green area to population.
- Industrial growth throughout the Hamilton area continues, with projects totalling more than \$25,500,000 either under way or completed in the first seven months.
- Canada has agreed to exchange diplomatic representatives with Egypt and to establish an embassy in Israel. The two countries will reciprocate.
- The 13th national CCF convention opened at Edmonton on July 28. More than 200 delegates were present. Labor spokesmen expressed fear that this autumn might bring Canada her worst unemployment in history. The party's National Council advised in its annual report that the ranks of unemployed now total approximately 135,000 more than they did this time last year.
- Dr. Walter T. Brown, President Emeritus of Victoria University, died in Toronto on August 4.
- General Crerar, speaking at the Canadian Legion's 15th biennial convention in Toronto, urged that the Canadian Government adopt an effective system of compulsory military training and service.
- On July 30 Lord Alexander of Tunis opened the fifth British Empire and Commonwealth Games in the New Empire Stadium at Vancouver after 800 athletes and officials, representing 24 countries, colonies and protectorates, marched into the stadium before 25,000 spectators.
- When he forecast a modest \$4,000,000 surplus for the 1954-55 fiscal year, Finance Minister Abbott said he was relying on "an early upturn to our normal rate of expansion." The latest statement of Canada's financial operations, covering both the month of June and the first quarter of the fiscal year that began April 1, holds no indication that the upturn has started yet. The prospect would appear to be a deficit on the year.
- Both the very young and the elderly are increasing in Canada much faster than the population as a whole, throwing an increasingly heavy burden on the near-static middle-age group for the care of the young and the old.
- Higher food prices, combined with rising rents, lifted living costs to an eight-month high in June.
- Lands Minister R. E. Sommers announced on August 2 at Trail, B.C., that a conditional water license will be issued at once to Northwest Power Industries Ltd. for a gigantic power development in the Atlin Lake region of northern British Columbia.
- The Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Ottawa on July 29 for his visit to Western Canada.
- Dr. W. D. Lighthall, 97, student of Canadian history and well-known in literary circles, died in Westmount, P.Q., on August 3.
- The Bureau of Statistics reported on August 4 that at June 1 the population of Canada was estimated at 15,195,000, a 414,000 gain over 1953, 1,186,000 over 1951 and 3,123,000 over 1945. By province, the increases were: Ontario up 149,000 to 5,046,000; Quebec up 119,000 to 4,388,000; Alberta up 37,000 to 1,039,000; British Columbia up 36,000 to 1,266,000; Manitoba up 19,000 to 828,000; Saskatchewan up 17,000 to 878,000; Newfoundland up 15,000 to 398,000; New Brunswick up 11,000 to 547,000 and Nova Scotia up 10,000 to 673,000. Prince Edward Island was down from 106,000 to 105,000.
- It is reported that 18 per cent of all books sold in Canada are sold in Metropolitan Toronto.
- The \$1,000,000,000 St. Lawrence Power and Seaway project was officially launched on August 10 with ceremonies on the U.S. and Canadian sides of the river near Massine, N.Y., and Cornwall, Ont. Prime Minister Saint Laurent, Governor Dewey of New York, Premier Frost of Ontario and Hydro Chairman Robert Saunders officiated at the ceremonies.
- At the same time as the Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, a Molière Festival is being held in Montreal, where a new French group, Le Théâtre du Nouveau Monde, is presenting three of the French dramatist's one-act plays, *Le Mariage Forcé*, *Sganarello*, and *La Jalousie du Barbouillé*, and two of his full-length plays, *L'Avare* and *Don Juan*.
- Canada agreed on July 28 to serve on the international commissions which will supervise the Indo-Chinese armistice.
- The British Empire Games in Vancouver came to an end on August 7. The final points-score was (for the leading contestants): England 514½, Australia 363¾, Canada 339, South Africa 260¾, New Zealand 164¾, Scotland 103½. England won 10 of the 33 gold medals, Australia 6, New Zealand 4, South Africa 2, Nigeria 2, Canada 5, Jamaica 1, Northern Ireland 1, Northern Rhodesia 1, Trinidad 1.
- Chiefswood—12 miles from Brantford—the birthplace of the Indian poetess, Pauline Johnson, is being restored to its original condition by the Indian Council of the Six Nations, and will be opened to the public as a showplace and memorial to the poetess.
- According to a joint communique issued at Ottawa on August 13 after talks between representatives of the Canadian and U.S. governments, the arrangements for the St. Lawrence Seaway set out in the exchange of notes of June 30, 1952, are to be modified. This is understood to mean that the canals and locks in the International Rapids section, roughly between Prescott and Cornwall, will run through U.S. territory, as provided in the Wiley Act.

Marcel Proust

John S. Wood

► IF THE FIFTEEN VOLUMES of *A la recherche du temps perdu* were only the portrayal of changing French society from the 1890's up to the end of the first world war, they would still be as startling and as rich a document of social history as the *Comédie humaine* of Balzac. But they are much more than that; Proust's search for time lost is in fact the story of the search for a reality which is timeless, the search which is the constantly repeated task of every generation. That the answer which he found to his quest has an interest beyond its purely personal application is the measure of the greatness of his work.

Conventional labels have to be discarded. The book is not an autobiography. It does not contain a single character who can be recognized beyond dispute; the seaside town of Balbec and the country town of Combray cannot be located on a map; we cannot name the streets and the houses in Paris where the personages are supposed to live; we never discover the exact age of the narrator; we cannot establish more than a speculative chronology of his life. Yet it is not fiction. Marcel is the narrator, and speaks in the first person; but in perpetual partnership with him is Proust the author, who reflects constantly upon the meaning of the incidents of which the former is the centre; those reflections take Proust forward or back in time; what concerns Proust is not the sequence of events but the conclusions to be drawn from them.

The personages that he portrays belong mainly to two social groups, shown dramatically in *Du côté de chez Swann*, as the child Marcel first sees them. The world of the upper

bourgeoisie, to which Swann belongs, is rigidly separated from the world of the old aristocracy, of which the Guermantes are the representatives. But as Marcel advances through *A la recherche du temps perdu* he watches the interpretation of the two worlds, and Proust, as he reflects upon the countless reasons which range from personal desires and jealousies to divisions of opinion over the Dreyfus case and to the upheaval of the war, sees the deeper force that explains the transformation: the "deforming perspective of time", until, by 1916, "The Faubourg Saint-Germain, like a decayed dowager, could only reply with timid smiles to the insolent servants who were invading its salons, drinking its orangeade and parading their mistresses openly before it."

But Proust, the pitiless observer who portrays with such detached humor the downfall of the aristocracy, and whose character-sketches are the most brilliant things in French literature since La Bruyère, is more concerned with the extent to which he can determine through these people the laws that govern human behavior in general. What they do and say is less important to him than the reality which lies hidden, and all too often unsuspected by themselves, beneath the facade. Moreover, by applying to himself what his observation has shown him of the personality of others, he can the better discover his own. We follow Marcel along the tortuous paths that all lead to a despairing negative. The notions that we form with our conscious mind are subjective and relative, so that it is not from this source that we can discover reality. If we anticipate on reality, and conceive it first in our imagination, we find that when we confront the mind-created picture with the original we are disappointed. The same frustration is attendant upon our emotions, particularly when these are carried to an intense



THE BEAVER PATROL

degree, as in love,—for Marcel, desire, of whatsoever nature, is engendered and maintained by the unknown; but between desire and fulfilment there is an irreconcilable conflict, since the attainment of a desire means the elimination of the mystery that produced it, and inevitably the death of desire. One can of course dismiss all this as the morbid ravings of a sick mind, just as one may well feel that the ill-lighted regions of Sodom and Gomorrah occupy too great a proportion of the book, but Proust must be taken on his own terms. So long as he is seeking his real self outside himself, he is bound to be disappointed; and whatever the validity of his arguments, he throws a penetrating light upon the eternal conflict in mankind between the urge to find permanence in people and in things and the inexorable, perpetual process of change which is the work of time.

Reality, then, will be found only if the work of time can be undone, if, by a process in which neither the intelligence nor the imagination nor the emotions play any part, a point of contact can be established between the past and the present, so that the identical quality of two experiences at two different moments of time guarantees the authenticity of each. Reality can therefore exist only within the individual himself; only the unconscious mind, which is free from the corrupting influence of time, can recall it, and it can do so only under a chance impetus which is independent of one's will.

When the reader has followed Proust thus far his patience is amply rewarded. *A la recherche du temps perdu* ceases to appear as a history of disillusionment and spiritual nihilism, to be added to the long cry of melancholy which echoes through the last 150 years of French literature. It becomes a story told with brilliance, and more exciting than any detective novel: the revelation of the birth of an artistic vocation and of its coming to maturity. The joy that Marcel has found nowhere else he finds in painting and especially in music; through the medium that he uses, the artist has expressed his own essence and reality; the artist has found the secret which he, Marcel-Proust, is striving to conquer. Once the reality within him has been released,—and it can be released only by the involuntary memory,—his startling point is clear to him, and he can now utilize, for the creation of his work, all the resources of an intelligence and of an imagination which in all other directions had failed him. It is in this light that one must judge the well known and frequently misunderstood episode of the cake dipped in a cup of tea, described in *Du Côté de chez Swann*. The incident in itself is trivial, and the vision that it conjures up is fugitive; its real significance is that it is one of the keys which opens the prison, the mind of Proust.

It is too commonly assumed that Proust is the novelist of sleep and dreams. That is true only to the extent that sleep and dreams, by playing havoc with the notions of time and personality which are accepted uncritically by the conscious mind, throw doubt upon the conscious mind as a judge of reality. But Proust is no more or less interested in the non-waking state and in the state between sleep and awakening than he is in the whole thinking apparatus of man. It is merely one of the lines of exploration which he pursues.

A la recherche du temps perdu is the story of Proust's discovery of himself. He does not attempt to prove his case; his own inner certainty is enough for him. If Aldous Huxley and Virginia Woolf had realized this they might have been less sceptical. Yet the introspective processes by which he arrives at that certainty reveal much that is common to all of us: the ambivalent force of habit, which is both a safeguard and a tyrant, equally impossible to break without anguish or to support without boredom; the distorted image of ourselves seen through the eyes of others, for "notre per-

sonnalité sociale est une création de la pensée des autres"; similarly, our inability to see people as they really are, since we project upon them our own thoughts and desires; the aloneness which is at the same time the prison of each individual and the means of his escape.

It is difficult to compress Proust. All that can be done in a brief analysis of this kind is to show the logical pattern which lies beneath the complexity, and which is not fully revealed until the last volume is completed. The themes outlined in *Du Côté de chez Swann* develop and intermingle in the subsequent volumes until, in the final one, they attain their full significance in terms of the theme that opens and closes the whole work: Time. In the end, no paradox is left unexplained, very little proves to be gratuitous, and what appeared to be a maze takes on the form of an artistic and skilfully constructed edifice. The style is the exact mirror of his thoughts. It can be rapid and incisive, or slow, hesitant, feeling its way with many qualifications and parentheses as an idea takes shape in the author's mind. It is never inconclusive; in 4000 pages there is not a single unfinished sentence, except naturally in the passages of conversation. And sometimes those meandering sentences of Proust can rise to a harmonious and rhythmic conclusion which is full of poetry, as if a clear, serene, musical passage suddenly illuminates the tortuous speculations of the writer:

Beaux après-midi du dimanche sous le marronnier du jardin de Combray, soigneusement vidés par moi des incidents médiocres de mon existence personnelle que j'y avais remplacés par une vie d'aventures et d'aspirations étranges au sein d'un pays arrosé d'eaux vives, vous m'évoquez encore cette vie quand je pense à vous et vous la contenez en effet pour l'avoir peu à peu contourmée et enclose—tandis que je progressais dans ma lecture et que tombait la chaleur du jour—dans le cristal successif, lentement changeant et traversé de feuillages, de vos heures silencieuses, sonores, odorantes et limpides.

No modern French writer has been studied so extensively as has Marcel Proust. From the moment when *Du côté de chez Swann* was published in 1913,—ironically enough at the author's expense, after having been rejected by the firm of Gallimard on the advice of André Gide,—he imposed himself upon the discriminating section of the public. Repentant publishers vied with each other for the privilege of printing his work; Gallimard undertook, with no reservations, to publish all the later volumes as and when they were completed. The flow of critical studies has been unceasing, from the conscientious enthusiastic biography of Léon-Pierre Quint to André Maurois' urbane and oversimplified *A la recherche de Marcel Proust*. C. K. Scott Moncrieff's translation into English of *A la recherche du temps perdu* has become a classic. In forty years Proust has not suffered even a momentary eclipse; the handful of critics in whom he has aroused hostility have enfeebled their own attacks by insisting with a suggestive complacency on certain questionable aspects of his life and character, and by discounting his achievements as a writer. Arid speculation is the bane of literary criticism. We can no more be sure that all Proust can be explained by homosexuality than we can affirm with certainty that Albertine is really a man because the love-affair of Marcel and Albertine is the tragic story of a relationship doomed to frustration.

A la recherche du temps perdu has its own profound originality. Proust is the first to apply to prose writing the valuable elements of poetic symbolism, without their obscurities and exaggerations; he is the first novelist to show the importance of time not as an agglomeration of units measured mathematically but as a psychological concept related to states of consciousness; although he is not the first to stress the importance of the subconscious mind, he goes

deeper in his investigations than any other novelist, Gide and Mauriac not excepted. He stands alone; there are analogies between the ideas of Proust and those of Freud and of Bergson, but there is no evidence to indicate that he was influenced by either; his work does not need and does not profit by explanation in terms of contemporary influences. Proust's contribution to literature, as Wilson says in *Axel's Castle*, is that he "has recreated the world of the novel from the point of view of relativity"; he is, in the words of Ortega y Gasset, "the inventor of a new distance between ourselves and the world of things."

Today Proust is suffering from the same fate as many of his predecessors, particularly since the publication of *Jean Santeuil* two years ago. "Fragments", letters, "inédits" are finding their way into print, too often because they are signed 'Marcel Proust', and not because they possess any real merit or tell us much that is new about him. Even *Jean Santeuil* is only a pale introduction to the major work. The essence and the greatness of Proust are contained in *A la recherche du temps perdu*.

K. R. Popper: Social Philosopher

Anthony M. Mardiros

► UNTIL THE APPEARANCE of "The Open Society and Its Enemies" in 1945, Dr. Popper was known chiefly for his contributions to the logic and methodology of the natural sciences. However with the publication of this book he immediately ranked as a social philosopher of first class importance, and he was shortly afterwards appointed to the Readership (and later the Professorial Chair) in Logic and Scientific Method at the London School of Economics. There is no doubt that his early preoccupation with the methodology of the natural sciences coloured and determined his view of the social sciences and their possibilities and limitations.

The essential method of the natural sciences, Popper maintains, is that of trial and error. Scientific theories never become fixed, established, absolute truths, and are always liable to qualification, reconstruction, or even complete overthrow. Like all other theories they are speculative and hypothetical. It has been thought that scientific hypotheses differ from other hypotheses in that they may be verified by observation or experiment, and that then they take on a new status as proven truths. Popper denies that this is so, for, he argues, no experiment or observation can conclusively prove a hypothesis to be true. If we make a prediction on the basis of a certain scientific theory, and if the event turns out as predicted, this does not prove the theory to be true, any more than the success of an astrologer's prediction proves astrology to be a genuine study, for no series of instances can logically demonstrate the truth of a generalization. No matter how many rabbits with large families we observe, we can never logically prove the generalization, "All rabbits are prolific". However, a single contrary instance, that is, one mature rabbit with no offspring will be sufficient to prove the generalization false. It is characteristic of scientists therefore that they constantly strive by every means at their disposal not to prove their theories true but to falsify or disprove them. The natural sciences are characterised by the skill and relentless ingenuity with which theories are hunted down and proven false. The positive content of any science therefore consists of those theories which have survived a number of searching tests and have *not yet* been proved false. Theories, beliefs

and opinions are unscientific if they have not been or are no longer subjected to this process of attempted falsification.

When Popper turns his attention to the study of society, he argues that if there are social sciences they must, if they really are *scientific* investigations, conform to this pattern. He comes to the conclusion that to some extent genuine social sciences exist, and others not yet developed are possible, but that the field of social study is obstructed and obscured by the existence of many types of study which do not conform to the scientific method. Either no resolute attempt is made to falsify these theories or they are of such a type that it is literally impossible to falsify them by any kind of observation. The sponsors of such studies claim that either the study of society is not and cannot be scientific, or that social science has essentially different characteristics from natural science. Popper argues that at the best this view is gravely mistaken while at the worst it is charlatanism.

In his book, and in a series of articles written at the same time, he attacks one such approach to the study of society which he terms historicism.

Historicism in its most developed form is the study of the history of society, with the aim of discerning certain laws, recurrences, regularities or patterns which will enable one to prophesy the future. It is connected also with the study of social origins, in the hope that the seeds of future events can be discerned in the past so that we can determine the future of a society by looking at its beginnings.

Popper's chief methodological objection to historicism is that it is not scientific in the sense already defined. There *are* social sciences but history is not one of them.

"For in history, the facts at our disposal are limited and cannot be repeated or implemented at our will. And they have been collected in accordance with a preconceived point of view; the so-called 'sources' of history only record such facts as appeared sufficiently interesting to record, so that the sources will on the whole contain only facts that fit in with a preconceived theory. And since no further facts are available, it will not, as a rule, be possible to test that or any other subsequent theory."

Popper contends that historicism is not only an incorrect method of study but that it also has undesirable social consequences. If we believe in the laws of history and if we believe that societies develop according to a certain inevitable pattern so that we can predict the future, then he thinks we may well draw the logical conclusion that the development of society is not the result of our choices, wills and decisions but of inexorable laws beyond our control. Thus *thinking* we are not free we will actually lose by default the freedom which we in fact have by fatalistically falling to choose on occasions when it is imperative for us to do so. Popper thinks that in fact the theory of historicism has been used and is being used more or less deliberately to rob people of their freedom to choose their social institutions, by persuading them that they have not got this choice anyway.

The development of civilization has in general been from the early tribal or *closed* towards the free, *open* democratic society. The closed society is characterised by conformity, obedience to authority and tradition, lack of individual thought and initiative, and an inertia which resists all social change. Such societies did in fact closely resemble the historical pattern because in them the capacity for individual choice was entirely dormant. However with the development of this capacity for individual initiative we get the emergence of open or democratic societies which can potentially change in any direction that the citizens choose, thus

having a future without limitations. From time to time there are attempts, some of them successful, to prevent social change and to turn society back from the open democratic form to the closed tribal form. For this purpose the theory of historicism has been a potent weapon in the hands of the reactionaries.

There is however a subtler and more dangerous use of historicism as a tool of social engineering. Frequently social critics and reformers conceive the idea of remaking society, or reconstructing the whole of our social life according to a more equitable, rational and coherent plan. The Utopian social engineers devise their plans by unscientific historicist methods, that is, they try to find out where society is going and they try to plan accordingly. Since the historicist aims at predicting large-scale changes the Utopian engineer makes large-scale plans for social change. These large-scale plans are, according to Popper, essentially untestable. Since they are large scale they cannot be tried out experimentally in a small way, they can only be tried in the event, and then, if the plan is gravely in error, disaster and consequent human misery cannot be avoided. The carrying out of large-scale plans demands an increasing concentration of social power in a central authority and hence is inimical to democracy, and this dictatorial tendency is reinforced by the fact that large-scale plans always excite opposition, and since it is difficult to get majority support a resort must be made to minority rule.

As an alternative to this method of social change Popper recommends what he calls piecemeal social engineering or piecemeal planning. This approach aims at making small changes and gradual reforms in this or that social institution; it does not aim at replanning the whole of society, for this would be to go beyond the limits of social science. Social science cannot study the development of society as a whole, but it can study smaller units such as various social institutions. On the basis of such study small experimental changes can be made, and the essentially scientific process of trial and error can operate without inviting catastrophe. The Utopians, says Popper, are too ambitious, they want to make people happy whereas we should be content with the gradual removal of some of their pains and discomforts.

Although Popper in contrasting the closed with the open society writes most enthusiastically of the latter, because, in contrast to the former, it leaves open the door to social change and hence to a better society, and although he accuses the enemies of the open society of wishing to resist change because of their fear of it, it is plain that, rightly or wrongly, it is Popper himself who fears change and wants it only in small doses. He wants not in fact an open society but one with the door left a little ajar. Popper's social philosophy, though not, I think, intended as such, perfectly expresses the attitude of the right wing of the British Labour Party and its polemic with the more radical section of the party. The latter I think would urge that there must be something wrong with Popper's clear cut distinction between science and history, since Popper's own book is largely based upon a consideration of historical material, and since Popper himself admits that there are valid and invalid historical interpretations—his own, of course, being valid. Perhaps also they would question the necessity of Popper's dichotomy between large-scale and piecemeal planning, and assert that the two were complementary, the former guiding and the latter testing social change. And, finally, they might question whether we do in fact have the choice of moving slowly and safely rather than rapidly and dangerously. True the hare may unwittingly run into danger but may not the tortoise be more certainly overtaken by catastrophe?

A RUDE AWAKENING

(Continued from front page)

there reached the end of their journey along with their unlucky sponsors. In the years from 1947 to 1952 six basic industries were modernized, with American help, by means not unlike those M. Mendès-France proposes to use on the French economy at large. The experiment, which was named the *Plan Monnet* after the author, the distinguished French economist who now heads the High Authority of the European Coal and Steel Community, was on the whole successful and offered colorful instances of cooperative effort to reorganize the French economy as when, for instance, the French government together with the High Authority gave financial help to coal-miners about to be moved from the inefficient pits in the Centre-Midi to the more efficient pits in the Lorraine. M. Faure, while minister of finance, had attempted without much success to increase productivity in the French industry by offering attractive loans to efficient producers and setting up a special fund to modernize inefficient ones. He failed largely because these are slowly maturing policies ill-suited to the solution of the crisis with which he was faced to wit, a general strike.

In the annual reports of the Organization for European Economic Co-operation, M. Marjolin, the French Secretary-General of the Organization, has repeatedly lectured his country and its government on the need for reducing the cost and increasing the amount of goods produced in France, and on the need for lowering the tariff and removing import restrictions in order to subject the flaccid parts of the French economy to the healthful strains of exercise in competition.

The impression of total originality, of a completely new departure, which the Premier's speech managed to create does greater credit to his intellectual and oratorical brilliance than to the memory of his listeners and readers. Only slightly less remarkable is the widespread notion that his plan is in some way hard-headed and realistic whereas those of his predecessors were woolly and fanciful. It is true that M. Mendès-France stressed the long-run nature of his program and asked for, and got, powers to act until March, 1955. On the other hand, obstacles which might be encountered were discussed only in the broadest terms; details were given the optimistic treatment. Not more than two to three per cent of producers in the "dead branches" of the economy would go under; the cost of compensation to them would not burden the budget unduly; modernization can be undertaken in the spirit of "economic liberalism," individual producers will do the work while the state merely sets its general direction; profits are to act as a stimulus to production but trade unions may attempt to raise wages in profitable industries by collective bargaining, wage increases elsewhere being tied to increases in productivity, and so on.

A statesman cannot be blamed for presenting his program in the way best calculated to gain acceptance for it, and the most important aspect of the program presented by M. Mendès-France, far more important than its originality or hard-headedness, supposed or real, is that it proved acceptable. Will its execution be accepted as well? Here indeed lies the test of the Premier's ability to reconstruct the economy of France. In order to pass it he will have to find ways of altering the most fundamental social and psychological attitudes of French management and labor to the facts of economic existence. Management will have to accept much greater risks without greater profits; labor will have to accept greater mobility without higher wages; both sides will have to produce more effort and accept a stiffer disci-

pline without any immediate rewards. Above all, each side will have to trust the other sufficiently to work hard in the knowledge that when production finally increases, the increase will be shared with fairness. This is the reality to which France must be awakened. Can the Prince Charming do it?

STEFAN STYKOLT

Mustafa

Your nomad days have led you far
To the perplexities of erosion, oil, and isms.
Still you go on, the crescent nose and back for Mecca,
The scimitar of Ertoghrul and the Shian Shahs unfor-
gotten

(Mahommed blessed your ancient violence).
But now you wander more confined in the casbahs of
Smyrna, Tebriz, and Isfahan,
Your fez a fitting minaret for a tattered mosque
Inhabited by a colony of faithful
(The scimitar has shrunk to dagger size; the beard is
tangled scraggle).

You who have known some pain
(A wound in the shoulder from a muzzle loader, a camel's
bite, a gash when a knife slipped)

Walk in fear of typhus and the dark moist places.
Your children cry for bread at streetcorners;
The landlord has taxed the profits from your land again.
Which will you choose: the sword and cunning violence
Or the western way and cunning?
Remember the children, Mustafa, before you decide,
Remember the Cadillacs bought with bribes.
End with the old pride the old corruption
And, who knows, you may as we may in a hundred years
be free.

The secret, far off, quiet places will remain.

David Parsons

Theatre Review

► THE SECOND Stratford festival has drawn a good many more objections than its predecessor, from critics and general public alike; but it has been a box-office success, and there seems to be little doubt that Stratford can count on having such a festival for a number of years to come. Like everyone else, I had my objections too, but, at the same time, I found all three productions full of interest and would be delighted to see any or all of them again.

Perhaps the commonest objection concerned the choice of plays. In the first two years of the festival, four plays of Shakespeare have been produced, and not one of them is among his universally recognized masterpieces. Nobody, I think, would claim that *Richard III*, *All's Well* and *The Shrew* (despite their many virtues) are representative Shakespearian plays, and, although the odd critic, like F. R. Leavis, may call *Measure for Measure* "one of the very greatest of the plays," he gets only occasional support from his colleagues. Surely (a good many people have said) most, or at least some, of these plays ought to have been of the stature of *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* or *Henry IV Part One* or *Twelfth Night* or *The Tempest*. The objection has a point. Although the minor plays ought to be produced, and anyone who is fond of Shakespeare would be delighted to see them, to have four minor plays in a row is surely excessive.

The choice of these four plays suggests something about British acting and directing, and about Tyrone Guthrie in particular. Everyone knows of the frequency with which first-rate British productions of dull British plays come to

New York after a long run in London and immediately flop with both critics and public. A good many explanations have been offered for this. Part of the explanation, I am sure, lies in the British willingness to enjoy superior acting and directing for themselves alone, and the American insistence that the play's the thing. A British audience is often quite willing for a play to be simply a "vehicle"; not so an American. I would go beyond this and say that British actors and directors have often a perverse delight in making a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and the audience in watching such a conjuring feat. Moreover, if the play is unimportant and presents almost insurmountable difficulties, the director deserves so much more credit for surmounting them. In such an atmosphere it is easy for actors and directors to spin performances on a specially constructed loom of their own using a play as suitable "raw material," and the rawer the better for the prestige of all concerned. Plays will be brilliantly overacted and overdirected (whether rhetorically or naturalistically), while the thing to be directed or acted diminishes almost to the vanishing point.

This is, of course, a *reductio ad absurdum*, not an accurate account of the situation. It is, nevertheless, in such a context that Tyrone Guthrie seems to belong. Fortunately, he happens to be extremely brilliant, inventive and efficient; therefore, whatever he attempts, he generally pulls it off, and is certainly never dull. He loads his plays with stage-business. They ought to stagger under the weight of gestures, re-groupings and unusual intonations. But the verve and pace of his productions is astonishing and delightful. So the complicated machine works. Mr. Guthrie's sheer will power makes it. That will is omnipresent, it

Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear,
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness . . .



PETER DWYER AS THE PROLOGUE IN
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
(Produced by Michael Michlejohn, Ottawa Little Theatre)
—FRAN JONES

The result (in *All's Well*) is fascinating, and (in *The Shrew*) great fun.

But it would be appalling if this method were transplanted to the Stratford festival as something of a standard in Shakespearian production. To be sure, Mr. Guthrie may, and almost certainly does, have other tricks up his sleeve; he may be less narrow and specialized than he has shown himself at Stratford to date. But I, for one, find something ominous in his reappointment for 1955. A three year precedent may be difficult to live down, and Mr. Guthrie's Canadian successors may make the mistake of trying to compete with him on his own ground and may apply the technique of his *Shrew* to inappropriate "vehicles." If so, economy of acting and the articulation of verse as verse may be difficult to recover, and the actor who is at the service of his role instead of *vice versa* may vanish. The productions may degenerate into the sort of fussy self-indulgence, full of cute tricks and wearisome stage-business crammed into every available cranny, that even *The Shrew* and *All's Well* could so easily have degenerated into, and which (according to some spectators) *The Shrew* sometimes did, although it certainly didn't when I saw it. "When actors begin to think," said Stephen Leacock, "it is time for a change." This is a bit harsh, no doubt, but some people at Stratford ought to consider its implications. That it is time for a change, I am certain.

All this is not a criticism of Guthrie's own superb work but a warning against allowing him to be a model. It is also very general criticism and needs to be supplemented by a closer look at the individual productions, particularly *Oedipus Rex*, the first non-Shakespearian play at the festival. Here we had a production whose single components were generally superb, but which was less good as a whole. The staging, the masks, the translation and the acting were better in themselves than in relation to one another. The stage was the small permanent one, but the masks, costumes and gestures were mostly on a large scale and suggested the outdoor arena-size production for which the play (and the masks of Greek drama) was originally designed. According to one spectator, the stage looked cramped, and I could see what he meant. Nevertheless, the masks were most impressive, and the deployment of principals and chorus in the small space was skilful and effective. There was a similar lack of cohesion between the acting and costuming, and the translation. W. B. Yeats's quiet and neatly phrased version (mostly in prose) was used, but the acting and costuming were heroic or at least more than life size. If the Yeats translation were to be used, I would have preferred (particularly on this small stage) a more intimate, reserved and economical style in speech, costume and gesture. But within the actors themselves there was another notable split. James Mason's voice has a very narrow and repetitious range of expression, but it can be used very effectively in contemplative or mildly sentimental roles, as he showed in his excellent performance of Brutus in the movie *Julius Caesar*. As Oedipus he acted excellently in the final scene with his children, but for the rest of the play, where a display of public authority and heroic decision or anguish was needed, the role was simply beyond his range. His voice, husky and quietly expressive, had something in common with the nature of the translation he was speaking, but contrasted strangely with the strength and rhetorical variety of the other principals, including Jocasta. If James Mason were to play this role, some effort ought to have been made to accommodate the other actors to his particular talents. As it was, the contrast was aggravated, and his presence was more likely to lower the intensity of a scene than raise it. However, once the stage, the masks, the Yeats translation and James Mason

had all been decided on, a closely unified production was too much to hope for, and we were fortunate that so much was made out of so explosive a mixture of materials.

Cecil Clarke's production of *Measure for Measure* was less streamlined and inventive than Mr. Guthrie's *Shrew*, but he found a good answer to most of the difficulties with which this play confronts a director. Frances Hyland's Isabella was properly innocent and confused, and thereby avoided the hardness or priggishness which some readers of the play have insisted on. Similarly, Claudio grovelled and disintegrated so effectively in the prison scene with his sister that her disgusted rejection of him seemed natural and retained our sympathy. The one notorious problem to which Mr. Clarke obviously found the wrong solution was what to make of the Duke. Too much influenced, it seemed, by the Christian interpretations of Wilson Knight and R. W. Chambers, Mr. Clarke's Duke was made up to suggest something like El Greco's *Christ Bearing the Cross*, and he wandered through the play, leaning on his cross, ineffectually impersonating divine Providence, uttering sententious commonplaces as if they were holy proverbs, and nearly being crucified in the last scene. (Mr. Guthrie tried something of the sort on the dying King Edward in last year's *Richard III*.) Lloyd Bochner spoke the part superbly, but the conception of the role did little more for me than make it clear as it has never been before how ludicrous it is to see the Duke as something of a Christ-figure. He probably belongs with Isabella; they are two of a kind, and their innocence and inexperience undergoes, by a process of trial and error, something of an education during the play, although I am uncertain whether they got enough out of it to make it worthwhile.

I conclude with a suggestion for next year. If it is true, as I think it is, that Tyrone Guthrie tends to direct Shakespeare as if he were directing Jonson, and if next year's plan includes a non-Shakespearian play, nothing could be more promising than to have Guthrie directing Jonson himself. His production of *Volpone* or *Epicene* or *Bartholomew Fair* would be something to look forward to indeed.

MILTON WILSON.



A cadet band played "The Stars and Stripes Forever" and a waiter spilled soup on a royal guest—otherwise everything ran like clockwork when the Duke of Edinburgh toured the Fraser Valley Wednesday.

(The Vancouver Sun)

The garbageman pays taxes; the duke doesn't. That must, of necessity, in these awkward days, be always an important consideration. In addition to his wealth, a Lieut.-governor must be a polished gentleman, making a garbage collector as much at home at the New Year's Day reception as a royal duke.

(The Vancouver Sun)

"It's about time we recognized that people would rather be entertained than educated," said [George] Hees. In future, Conservative meetings may take the form of a picnic, euchre, amateur entertainment, square dancing or "millionaires night." Said the top Tory who last week sold his Venetian blind business for \$3 million. Hees, who is likened to "one of the itinerant peddlers of patent medicines in time gone by" will sell his prescription that it can be fun to be a Conservative.

(The Vancouver Sun)

This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to Mrs. C. McAllister, Vancouver, B.C. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

A Sunday Picnic

Samuel Roddan

► THE MAN AND WOMAN climbed down wearily from the bus and made their way slowly across the noisy Boulevard toward the big iron gates.

"I hope it will not rain today for our visit," the man said.

The woman glanced quickly at the clouds but did not answer.

"The grass is very green, Marie. Do you notice the trees? In winter they always seem like naked old men. Look at them now."

The long, curving driveway was lined with elm and maple and scattered over the trim, green lawns were islands of red and white geraniums.

"Would you like to rest on a bench for a moment, Marie?"

The man looked at his wife tenderly but she was clutching her parcel and staring straight ahead at the ivy clad walls of the buildings in the distance.

"You know how tired you are after these visits," the man said.

They walked on in silence and the only sound for a long time was their breathing, the tiny clatter of the gravel and the fading rush of traffic from the Boulevard.

"I picked some strawberries for her this morning." The man put the words together gently, saying them with the hope they would bring some comfort to Marie as she walked so alone down the gravelled path.

"Perhaps today, they will let us take her outside, Marie."

They were standing now at the entrance to the buildings and the man looked up at the ivy clad walls, broken here and there by the window openings where he could see the lava-brown stone underneath and on many of the windows tentacles of ivy were creeping forward almost covering the heavy steel screens.

"You stay here Marie, and I will see if they will bring her out to us on the lawn."

The man looked at his wife for a moment and then entered the building. Marie shifted the parcel in her hand and searched in her purse and found a tiny white handkerchief and opening it out she bent over very painfully and dabbed at the dust which had settled on her shoes.

Soon the man came toward her. He had two slips of paper in his hand and for a moment it seemed he would wave them at her as though they had been very lucky to secure tickets of admission to an exhibition.

"We are fortunate today, Marie. The doctor said she has been a very good girl this week and we can take her out on the lawn."

Marie looked at her husband and knowing he had brought her some comfort now, he talked enthusiastically of their great good luck.

"They are all going to chapel service today," the man said, "that is those that can go, and she has been such a good girl this week that she will be going too, but we are to stand by the chapel and as the nurses bring them in I will hand them the tickets and she can then come with us on the lawn."

The man looked at his watch. "They will be coming soon. We will walk over to the chapel and wait there."

He took his wife's arm and for the first time she permitted him to carry the parcel and they walked slowly over to the red brick chapel.

"Listen to that organ," the man said as they came closer. "I tell you Marie, we will have a splendid visit and we can

sit under the maple trees and have a real picnic. I'm very glad I picked the strawberries too. Remember how she used to go after them as a kid."

The man and woman took up a position on the chapel steps, listening to the solemn rumble of the organ and staring along the trim gravelled paths and waiting very patiently for the arrival of the congregation.

"They're coming now," the man said and lifting his hand he pointed out to his wife the long column of men shuffling slowly around the corner of the main building. At the head of the column marched two white coated orderlies and scattered throughout the long endless line were smiling pink-cheeked nurses.

"They're bringing the men first," the man said, and taking his wife's arm they stepped back respectfully as the straggling column like dazed weary soldiers retiring from battle to a rest area, hesitated and balked a little at the foot of the steps and then as they started to surge past them into the chapel, the man removed his hat and with his head half bowed he watched the strange, tattered procession.

One man with a fierce tangle of eyebrows suddenly broke ranks and pirouetted on the steps.

"I'd just like to lay down and die away," he shouted. His voice rose in a little torment. "But it's too easy that way. You gotta suffer first."

A nurse took his arm and he came back gently into line and she smoothed down his hair and squeezing his hand firmly and lovingly and smiling into his pale watery eyes she broke up his torment.

"Here come the others," the man said and replacing his hat because the men had all gone in and the sun was now very hot, he took his wife's arm and stared eagerly at the approaching column of women.

From a distance they seemed like an endless row of waving, fluttering wild flowers. Some wore bright red sweaters, others had gay scarves over their heads and were chattering and laughing and tossing little posies into the air. One or two aristocratic women wore shabby white gloves and carried little Bibles. And many had tied little scraps of orange wrapping papers in their hair but spreading throughout the column herding and guiding them along the paths and protecting them from little whims and excursions were the white, moon-faced, beautiful nurses.

"I will go ahead and speak to a nurse," the man said. "I will hand over the tickets and then we can take her on the lawn for our picnic."

The man walked bravely toward the advancing column, his eyes searching along its fringes, staring into empty faces which inspected him boldly, doubted his manhood, and laughed madly at his hat and the tickets in his hand and his thin anxious smile. Then he saw her near the end of the column surrounded by a little group of stragglers and he walked briskly down the line and spoke to one of the nurses and gave her the tickets. The nurse smiled and gently extricated a young girl from the procession and the man reaching forward put his arms around the fluttering body of his daughter and they stood together for a moment.

"Your mother is here too," the man said, whispering into her dishevelled hair. "And you will not have to go to chapel. We are going to have a lovely picnic on the grass instead."

Suddenly the girl stiffened in his arms.

"We brought some strawberries," the man said quickly. "Big, red ones."

The girl started to laugh.

"Hush, my darling," the man said a little frightened. "If you are not quiet, they will not let you come with us."



IAN FELLOWS AS THE UNCLE IN TARTUFFE
(Canadian Repertory Theatre).

—FRAN JONES

The girl threw back her head tossing her wild hair and her laughter turned to a scream of hate and she ran forward and hid herself among all her friends in the procession and they shielded her with loving arms and led her into the chapel, swearing and cursing over their shoulders at the man who had violated her happiness on this beautiful Sunday afternoon.

And now the man turning at last again to his wife led her to a shady spot near the chapel and beneath the shade of a gnarled old maple they rested on the cool grass.

"I did so want to fix her hair. It looked so wild," Marie said.

The man was glad to hear his wife's voice and then she asked him if he was very hungry.

"I'm hungry a little," he replied.

Marie sighed and opened up the parcel and out of the shoe box she removed the little delicacies and spread them on the napkin on the green grass and as they munched the ham sandwiches with the crusts cut off and the almond cookies and then the chocolate eclairs, they listened to the voice of the preacher drifting over the lawn, blessing all they that mourn for they shall be comforted and praising God for His manifold blessing and for His inestimable love in the redemption of the world.

"We need some Orange Crush," Marie said.

The man struggled to his feet and walked over to the little tuck shop beside the green house. When he returned with the bottles, Marie said to him:

"I started on the strawberries. They're very good."

The man lay down on the grass beside his wife and eating the ripe, red strawberries and drinking the cool Orange Crush they felt better and when the organ thundered Blessed Be the Tie That Binds they turned slowly around on their elbows and silently watched the congregation flooding out of the chapel into the bright sun.

And after the beautiful nurses had carefully and gently and thoroughly swept the great procession into the ivy clad buildings, husband and wife picked up their belongings and the man took the pop bottles back to the tuck shop beside the green house and they made their way down the trim gravelled walks under the elm trees, past the flower beds, and the stone walls, and the iron gates, to the noisy, bustling Boulevard.

On Football

*Le sport fait beaucoup, mais argent fait tout.
Sport is all right, but I'll take money.*

*It matters not who won or lost,
But how many paid to see the game.*

(Blasphemous paraphrase of the late
Grantland Rice's lines in the verse:
"ALUMNUS FOOTBALL.")

► CANADIAN FOOTBALL is no longer a sport in the sense of an outdoor athletic diversion or pastime, and most people are aware of this situation, adjust to it; and even enjoy it. But there are, however, backward sections of the country where the term "football" is understood in its former, medieval meaning, i.e., a game.

Once, while tracking down a folk song in the men's beverage room of a country hotel in Ridgetown, Ontario, I heard a grizzled poacher, stricken with years, remark that the West would triumph over the East in the coming Grey Cup match, because Westerners were great sports. The aged brigand's statement is, to be sure, an isolated illustration of pastoral sophistication; but I set it before you as evi-

dence of the fact that there are Canadians still alive who have not, as yet, taken hold of the truth that football is a business—and a big one.

Each year, as autumn approaches, we experience what might be called a pre-season period of emotional preparation and propaganda. In the various training centres—the newspapers tell us—human stock is carefully examined; trunks and withers are checked thoroughly, and notice is taken of the appearance of dry heaves, foot-and-mouth, lameness, or unhealed fractures. Bodies are bought and sold on the basis of weight, age, height, and speed.

And as pre-season training progresses, daily bulletins appear in the journals concerning ulcerated septa, hernia, popped blood vessels, queer liver, and degrees of spasm and seizure. On Friday evenings before pre-schedule exhibition games, coaches are quoted in press releases as having said such things as: "Sceleriatorri punctured a lung in Thursday night's scrimmage, but he'll be in there on Saturday—fighting!"

So, to the qualities of courage, fair play, and clean living (archaic terms, used almost exclusively nowadays by the "good guy" type of television wrestler) is added this absolutely straight-faced daily report on the condition of the fighting beef. One thinks immediately of "Fresh Water Gold . . . up $\frac{3}{4}$; Rainbow Mines . . . down $\frac{1}{2}$."—and one's interest grows naturally as the day of the first scheduled game approaches.

The actual contests between various professional football teams cannot be too highly regarded. Physically, mentally, emotionally, and spiritually, they are of genuine benefit to many thousands of people on a Saturday (or Sunday) afternoon.

For the assembled crowds gathered in stadia across the country there is an exciting grab-bag of goodies to be sampled during the afternoon. For the sadist, there is the satisfying crunch of bone on bone as a charging, mountainous line-backer rams flat-out into a whirling, driving 200-lb. halfback. For the masochist, there is the vicarious delight of pretending that *he*—and not the Tampa Torpedo—has just suffered a pulverized rib-cage on the forty-yard line.

There is drama: will the expert place-kicker (brought in from Utah State Veterinary & Agricultural College) miss the goal posts, lose the game, and have \$235 deducted from his game pay? There is health for the spectator; i.e., he's better off in the autumn sunshine than he is at home, fighting spiders in his basement. And finally, there is the ecstatic sense of belonging, of partisan collectivity, and of definitely contributing to a new and growing phase of Business, or Free Enterprize, or Democracy, or UnCurtained Freedom—for these terms are remarkably interchangeable of late.

But above all there is a katharsis of the mass spirit (Aristotle, *poetics*, 6) which is a great help to the police. No man who has recently seen a fellow human being's nose pasted so flat that it obscures the victim's vision is in danger of going home and whaling the hell out of his wife and children. He is sated, replete.

Everyone is relaxed and content. The turnstiles have clicked pleasantly and entertainment has been given. There has been lots of blood and tribal excitement; and in the hearts of thousands of our countrymen there is now a peace that passeth all understanding. BARRY COUGHLIN

The Canadian Forum is interested in receiving articles on public affairs, science, art, and literature, especially in the newer developments of those aspects of life in this country.

NFB

Eye Witness No. 64 16 & 35 mm. 11 mins. b&w
 Wardens of Waterton 16 mm. 12 mins.
 Winged World 16 mm. 11 mins. b&w
 The NFB Story 16 mm. 15 mins. b&w

► COMFORTING AND COMPLACENT are the current issues of the *Eye Witness* series, which, like its companion pictures in the *Canada Carries On* series, have fallen into mental inertia. The latest *Eye Witness*, number 64, is, like its recent predecessors, smoothly and efficiently made, but of no more than cursory interest. Continuing to avoid any subjects likely to stimulate an audience into a new and thought-provoking awareness of contemporary life, this issue summarizes the activities of the Society for Crippled Civilians and, to provide contrast no doubt, shows a swordfish hunt off Glace Bay, Nova Scotia.

The scenes showing the work of the crippled civilians (photographed by Jean Roy under the direction of Walter Hewitson) are of the usual uninspired quality with the commentary (nicely spoken by W. A. Knapp) providing most of the information. A minor but important fault showing a lack of thought and sensitivity in conception occurs in the sequence showing crippled girls participating in their own fashion show. As fashions suggest sophistication, the producer, thinking to formula, fitted these scenes with lush background music of the type one associates with a luxurious New York fashion salon. Its use in connection with the crippled civilians is decidedly wrong, creating a misleading atmosphere and falsifying the event in a way which makes it seem a pathetic masquerade rather than a brave attempt by handicapped people to undertake normal activities.

The swordfish sequence is beautifully photographed by Hector Lemieux, otherwise it lacks point or purpose. After lengthy scenes showing the departure and voyage of the fishing boat, the catching of the swordfish is only briefly shown. Such an unbalanced episode has its compensations however, as brevity in killing large fish is a welcome relief from the unending flow of short films about this subject. It would be an interesting change if producers of the *Eye Witness* films read the newspapers and found more urgent matters to deal with, as for example, the recent report about hundreds of unemployed tobacco workers in Delhi, Ontario, who have turned the town into a "chapter from a Steinbeck novel;" surely a situation worth investigating.

Winged World (made for the United Nations Film Board by Leo Seltzer and distributed in Canada by the NFB) shows the valuable services carried out by the International Civil Aviation Organization (with headquarters in Montreal) to facilitate the regular and safe movement of civil aircraft between the nations of the world. A dignified and pleasing picture, it performs a valuable service in showing how a seldom-heard-of organization is functioning in the interests of international understanding in the field of air travel.

Wardens of Waterton (written and directed by Leslie McFarlane) tours Waterton Lakes National Park to show its tourist attractions and the work of administration. An indifferently made film in unattractive color, it lacks visual beauty, is overburdened with commentary, and is without any apparent form or sense of direction. A lively and interesting subject is ineptly portrayed.

A new and hybrid type of film has taken its place on the Board's production schedule. This is the weekly *On the Spot* television film series, now released for showing to interested film groups. As informational films of "general interest," a term used in its widest sense, the *On the Spot* films fail

to fulfill the proper functions of either medium: being filmed means that they do not take advantage of television's power of immediacy (which is one of its main advantages over the movies), and having to be hastily filmed to satisfy the demands of television makes it impossible for them to be good cinema. *The NFB Story* (also called *Movies in the Mill*) attempts to show how films are made in the NFB's Ottawa studios. Even in a simplified way it is far from being clear, and continuity is established by a commentator with a microphone talking to various people. A commentator off-screen is a sore trial on most occasions; putting one on-screen for this type of subject is poor compensation for visual narration.

GERALD PRATLEY

Summer Ballet

► BALLET DANCING is a hot profession; and when summer heat is added to its inherent heat many people prefer to give their muscles a holiday. Nevertheless, a surprising number continue to live by the sweat of their brow and wintergreen ointment.

One solution to the heating problem is offered by the Wilderness Ballet Camp, a unique species on the North American continent. Both fish and fowl, it offers the trials of ballet training and the pleasures of camping—and the other way round. The two complement each other to an amazing degree. After you have drenched your practice clothes in the warmth of a class, you can rinse yourself in the coolness of the lake. Wooded glades shade *grandes glissades*. If your tights are not quite dry, maybe it won't be noticed because of the fabulous tan you can acquire. In the lake you can experiment with steps you could not achieve of your own buoyancy, and swimming breast stroke is very good for one's "turn out." The belief that outdoor life and ballet training were a good combination was the reason for starting the camp. Miss Rita Warne, the director, had an idea that dancers could leap a foot higher and do twice as many turns on wheat germ for breakfast as on coffee at Schraft's, the standard fare of students on pilgrimage in New York. This year a small group were exercised and varied by Leslie Edwards of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, prodded from one side by the master's stick and from the other by a renegade mosquito. It was quite a change from the hot time in the old town that used to be the lot of Canadians seeking teachers of repute.

The enrollment in the National Ballet Guild's Summer School is also indicative of the new home-sticking trend. Not only are Canadian dancers staying in Canada for their boning-up, but also many American dancers are coming north to see what kind of people are bringing culture to the Indians. Amid the dusty relics of a once ornate past about 700 students beat, count and make time in the hall above the St. Lawrence market. Around the sides some students wait for the next class (there is always a next one); others knit or appraise while the portable bars are shifted through different sizes of people and different stages of work. First the basic steps are learned, then the music; and those two are put together into variations. Then the basic steps are all changed, and a little acting is added for character work. Once you have broken your back with all of that, you can sit down and go through it all again in the signs of dance

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notation without the agony of those positions. When you come to the end of such a day, you have had the course.

Two other watering-places for summer dancers are the courses at Queen's taught by Bettina Byers, and the Banff School of Fine Arts, directed by Gwenneth Lloyd. Both to a certain extent combine the easy living of summertime with a little of the old fashioned iron rod. Sometimes it's hard to say which dominates, for the "deescepline" has tempting rivals in the university activities of one place and in the handsome scenery of the other.

When the tights go on again all over the country, summer students from these four schools will return with tans, notes, memories, and possibly a fresh approach to their daily plies.

WENDY MICHENER

The Importance of Muhammad

► MUHAMMAD THE ARABIAN PROPHET is clearly one of the most sweepingly influential figures in man's history. However much or little one may attribute the great transformations and long-term shifts in human development to non-individual factors—whether climate, technological advance, socio-economic structure, or what-have-you—yet the movements that rise across the centuries and express, or create, vast newnesses across the continents have often a specifically individual focus and even (as in the case of Islam) a very marked individual stamp. Within a century of Muhammad's death his name was ceremonially and fervently repeated many times a day from Spain to India; great empires claiming inspiration from him rose and fell; such basic elements of social life as language and trade routes were permanently altered on three continents as a result of his preaching; the social institutions of a seventh of mankind are in large part what they are because of the vast sociological enterprise which stems from him and which today plunges forward with renewed if confused vitality; and many hundreds of millions of persons have consciously and carefully, joyously and proudly, patterned the tenor and even the detail of their daily lives after what they know of the tenor and the detail of his. All this on the mundane plane; quite apart from the spiritual matter, that for many many people, now as in the past, obscure sinners warped in pettiness or great artists or saints creative and good, what they have known and know of God, what vision they have had of excellence and aspiration, what touch of the divine they have sensed in their environment or themselves, they have known and had and sensed, they claim, through the instrumentality of this man's attainment.

Such a person deserves serious study. Yet in our civilization Muhammad has unquestionably and for long received a poor press. Surely no other of the world's major religious leaders has been so little appreciated by the West. The reasons for this doubtless go back many centuries, to the Crusades and beyond, even to the original defeat which nascent Islam through its Arab armies and its religious proselytizing inflicted on Christendom, militarily and spiritually. Of all the world's civilizations other than our own, it is only with the Muslims that the West has been in constant direct contact; the two groups have shared a common frontier from the start, and while Hindus and Chinese were remote from Europe, and long unknown, Muslims were immediate neighbors, and for centuries the relations between the two cultures were war, or at best profound menace. Until Karl Marx was born, the movement that Muhammad started was the only organized human enterprise that seriously rivalled and challenged Western civilization.

Small wonder, then, that the man was execrated, often in terror, in the Middle Ages; and has been condemned right down to our own day. There is still but little understanding, little ability to realize or interpret what he actually was and did.

Two new serious biographies*, therefore, such as those with which we are here presented, are a matter of some note. The English one, by the new reader of Arabic at the University of Edinburgh, carries the story, as its title indicates, only as far as the *Hijrah* ("Hegira"); it is to be presumed that the author will presently present us with a "Muhammad at Medina" dealing with the final ten years of the prophet's life, when he had shifted from his home town to a new environment, and also to a new problem, that of not only preaching the truth as he saw it but of constructing a social organism which would embody it. The French work by one of the senior professors in Paris, covers both periods—but is nonetheless considerably shorter and less detailed; a comprehensive summary. The two volumes appeared more or less simultaneously, so that neither writer was aware of the other. They differ basically in intention, and are complementary rather than alternative. The Blachère work organizes, presents, and interprets the work of Western Oriental scholarship in this field, specifically allowing the reader to see what conclusions a century of critical study has reached. The Watt volume carries that critical study one step further, exploring in detail some new avenues and proffering new interpretations.

The French biography is the more easily recommended to readers of this journal, since it is explicitly addressed to the general reader. It argues for no one special interpretation; rather decries the numerous attempts to interpret Muhammad's character in this or that radical fashion, attempts that have been made in considerable number in recent decades, by scholars as well as by popularists. Blachère argues that the evidence is in fact not adequate to underwrite any one of these interpretations. Indeed, his essay might be said to be a definite attempt to remove the veil of clarity which has been drawn over an essentially obscure subject. Cautiously, judiciously, he presents what is known, indicates what has been speculated, and is at pains to state carefully what the uncertainties are. No better book can be found to delineate the present state of academic understanding. (It should, however, be pointed out that entirely omitted is any attempt to present Muhammad as understood by his own followers. This book will vex some Muslims; and while the author would claim that it was not part of his business to present Muhammad as understood by Muslims, it is worth noting here that to grasp this is part of the business of the "general reader" in the West.)

It would be more accurate to say that Blachère summarizes the understanding of Western scholarship as it stood before the Watt volume was published. The latter is more a work for specialists. Indeed, some of his writing, and particularly the opening chapters, are so detailed and complex, especially in the matter of intricate Arabic names and tribal connections, that the present reviewer is dubious that it could be meaningful to a reader not fairly well acquainted with the field—at least not without very severe concentration and continual cross reference. One might be led to believing that he would have done better to publish these six chapters rather as articles in the learned journals. Each is an academic contribution to our knowledge or under-

*MUHAMMAD AT MECCA: W. Montgomery Watt; Oxford; pp. 192 and cvi; \$2.75.

LE PROBLÈME DE MOHAMED: Régis Blachère; Presses Universitaires de France; pp. 135 and viii.

standing of the Prophet: particularly the careful analysis of who exactly were Muhammad's first followers, who responded to his message, from what tribes, what age groups, and so on, and who resisted him. There are, however, two major reasons to withdraw this suggestion, and to welcome publication of the study in a book form. In the first place, the work may be read with quite considerable interest and enlightenment by that large group who do know the background well but do not read the academic journals, namely the Muslims themselves. This book has the distinction of being probably the first work by a Westerner on the life of Muhammad written with potential Muslim readers in mind. If it represents a first step toward that eventual mutual understanding, at the moment still a long way off, when the tradition of Western biographies and Muslim biographies of this religious leader will have converged (from their immensely disparate starting points in the past), the significance will be major.

The second reason is that in his first chapter, despite its opening obscurity, he presents perhaps the most forceful analysis and suggestive interpretation of the emergence of a new religious viewpoint in the Arabia of that century, that has appeared for many a long day. This, despite the writer's own suggestion that the "special feature" (p. xi) of his study is its emphasis on the economic, social and political background. In fact what he has done is to show the disintegration and growing inappropriateness of the previous moral *Weltanschauung* of the tribal Arabs in the context of their new urban environment; and the need for those who would cherish any human values at all, to find some new system in which to couch them. Even so, it might still have been better had he presented this in a journal article, and then let someone else, or himself in a more popular version, recast it in a form to reach a wider audience. It is also a pity that his scholarship, though erudite, is at times perhaps sound but not convincing: there is too much of the "it seems probable that . . ." without indication of the evidence on which the probability lies.

On the whole, however, we must consider ourselves fortunate in having these two new additions to the literature.

WILFRED CANTWELL SMITH

Correspondence

The Editor: Germaine Clinton's article on film societies was very interesting and ably presented much worthwhile information; but as a fellow film enthusiast and society member I must take issue with her on one or two points.

Firstly I think she is a little hard on the despised "commercial cinema"; she doesn't qualify the general implication that it offers little or nothing worth while and that people formed or joined film societies in order to see "better" films. The commercial movie at its best is fully as worth seeing as anything presented at a film society; and, as Miss Clinton of course knows, film society fare often consists of revivals of films originally made for commercial distribution. No, I don't feel we join film societies to see "better" films, but to be able to see good films that, for one reason or another, are not currently available in the movie houses.

Secondly and vehemently, I am very, very tired of hearing about those "dreary years preceding and during the Second World War"! I'd like to remind Miss Clinton and many, many others that this dreary, deadly period produced, among others, the following films: John Ford's *The Grapes of Wrath*, *How Green Was My Valley*, *The Long Voyage*, *Young Mr. Lincoln* and *They Were Expendable*; John Hous-

ton's *The Maltese Falcon*; William Dieterle's *Juarez* and *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet*; John Cromwell's *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* and *So Ends Our Night*; Victor Fleming's *Gone with the Wind* and *Tortilla Flat*; Lewis Milestone's *Of Mice and Men* and *A Walk in the Sun*; Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane* and *The Magnificent Ambersons*; Preston Sturges' *The Great McGinty*, *The Lady Eve*, *Christmas in July*, *The Palm Beach Story*, *Sullivan's Travels*, *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek* and *Hail the Conquering Hero*; William Wyler's *The Little Foxes*; Sam Wood's *Kings Row*, *Our Town*, *Pride of the Yankees* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*; Chaplin's *The Great Dictator*; Howard Hawks' *Sergeant York*; Frank Capra's *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* and *Meet John Doe*; Ernst Lubitsch's *Ninotchka* and *The Shop Around the Corner*; Walt Disney's *Fantasia*, *Bambi*, *Dumbo* and *Pinocchio*; King Vidor's *The Citadel*; not to speak of the famous war documentaries made by Capra, Huston, Wyler and others. For my money it was one of the golden ages of American film—and don't forget the British achievements of this period: *In Which We Serve*, *Brief Encounter*, *Pygmalion*, *Major Barbara*, *Henry V* and many others.

G. G. Patterson, Toronto, Ont.

Turning New Leaves

► SINCE the publication of *The Lonely Crowd* in 1950, David Riesman has become one of the most widely discussed analysts of American society since Thorstein Veblen. The book was recently reprinted in the paper-bound Anchor Book series and it is, I am told, the series' best-seller. Professionally, Riesman is a sociologist teaching at the University of Chicago, but his work has on the whole been more warmly received by "humanists," particularly by historians and literary men, than by his academic social science colleagues. Indeed he is one of the very few contemporary writers on sociological themes to be taken seriously by a wide audience of intellectuals embracing specialists, high-brows, and middle-brows alike. Since *The Lonely Crowd*, Riesman has published *Faces in the Crowd*, an interpretation of some of the interviews collected in connection with the earlier book, and a short biography of Veblen. Now, with the publication of *Individualism Reconsidered*,* most of the articles he has written in the past decade have been assembled between hard covers.

The enthusiastic reception of *The Lonely Crowd* was largely the result of its challenging assertion of a number of things about American society that a lot of people were beginning to sense but had not yet managed to articulate convincingly, let alone support with Riesman's wealth of far-ranging observations. That many of the causes fought for by intellectuals for two decades such as minority group rights, psychiatry, progressive education, and cultural relativism have won the day either as social policy or as the dominant point of view among the educated middle classes; that visions derived from Veblen, Marxism, and psychoanalysis of America as a wasteland of cultural philistinism, economic predatoriness, and sexual puritanism have by now hardened into ideologies and lost contact with currents of social change to which they themselves have contributed; that the insistence of social scientists on the importance of the group and their polemics against nineteenth century individualism have become a new orthodoxy in which "group-mindedness" is seen as a virtue and not merely regarded as an inescapable fact of life—all of these themes

*INDIVIDUALISM RECONSIDERED: David Riesman; Burns & MacEachern (The Free Press); pp. 529; \$6.00.

are central to *The Lonely Crowd* and to many of the essays now reprinted in *Individualism Reconsidered*. Of course others had pointed out many of these things before Riesman—one thinks of Lionel Trilling and Riesman himself acknowledges Erich Fromm as a major forerunner—but not with his vivid and catholic documentation, nor in the context of an ambitious theory of the relationship between historical change and character structure. Riesman's triad of character types—"tradition-directed," "inner-directed," and "other-directed"—and his identification of the periods in Western history when each has been dominant are summarized in "The Saving Remnant," one of the longer essays in the present volume. The richness of the theory notwithstanding, it is essentially the liveliness and immediacy with which Riesman marshals his "data," so unlike the rubber-gloved handling of carefully sterilized facts typical of conventional social research, that evokes from readers the "shock of recognition" ordinarily produced by the best creative literature.

Yet Riesman's attitude towards America as expressed in *The Lonely Crowd* was to some degree ambiguous. Several reviewers assimilated his viewpoint to that of conservative critics of modern society like Ortega and Eliot, and insisted that despite his air of sociological objectivity he was really deploring the ascendant "other-directed" man with his flabby conformist outlook and his pathetic readiness to surrender his individuality in the name of "adjustment" or "teamwork." This note was indubitably there—it is suggested by the very title of the book—but other notes were struck also: praise for many features of commercial popular culture and celebration of the openness and mobility of American life, both of which run directly counter to the elitist outlook of the traditionalists. And it has lately become increasingly evident that far from being another Europe-oriented critic of America, Riesman is more properly seen as a leader of the trend towards a positive revaluation of American society and culture which has been so marked among American intellectuals in recent years. In the title essay of the present volume he even goes so far as to make the extravagant claim that "in the arts of consumption as well as in the arts of production, Americans have moved so fast that, in architecture and design, in moving pictures and in poetry and criticism, we are living in what I believe to be one of the great cultures of history." Perhaps the *Zeitgeist* has borne him along to some extent, for in several earlier essays—for instance "The Saving Remnant" or "The Ethics of We Happy Few"—a brilliant attack on the self-hatred of modern intellectuals—his bite is sharper and less muzzled by qualification than in writings of more recent date as he himself observes in the preface. Yet there remains throughout Riesman's work a troubling lack of center to his point of view that I wish to return to later.

The essays in *Individualism Reconsidered* range over a vast number of subjects which are discussed with a knowledge and knowingness that are remarkable in this age of specialization. Minority group problems, the folkways of modern business, popular music, movies, the ideas of Veblen and Freud, the legal profession (Riesman has been a practicing lawyer and a law professor), totalitarianism, the problems of old age, and even the history of college football are among the topics covered. Not all of the essays are of equal value; some of them, especially several on popular culture, are so slight as to amount to little more than occasionally suggestive chit-chat and there seems to have been no real justification for padding this sufficiently bulky volume by including them. But the best are very good indeed. These include four strikingly perceptive essays on Freud, an imaginative discussion of totalitarianism and the nature of its appeal, a clever satire on the cold war, and an

illuminating analysis of problems of verification in the social sciences.

If the essays have little unity of subject-matter, there is a definite unity of tone. Riesman is always the gad-fly attacking all "official" viewpoints, questioning ideas and codes that have been accepted to the point of becoming taken-for-granted assumptions bound up with status pride and the carefully guarded self-images of social groups or intellectual cliques. Thus he challenges the stereotypes of crusading reformers who insist on race or class angling everything, the constricting snobbery of intellectuals who dismiss all commercial popular culture as aesthetic trash, the ritualized wailing over "McCarthyism" of those liberals who exaggerate its power out of a perverse desire to see themselves as lonely martyrs, the fetishism that social scientists make of formal methodology and the corresponding antagonism to the social sciences of spokesmen for the humanities who pontificate about "human values." If Riesman often gets caught in the cross-fire from all of these

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WILLIAM HUTT AS TARTUFFE (Canadian Repertory Theatre). —FRAN JONES

groups, there can be no doubt that for many his iconoclasm is "liberating," to use his favorite adjective for ideas and values he approves.

This deliberately provocative approach is explicitly stated in an essay entitled "Values in Context" which appropriately opens the book. And once this has been done one is forced to consider its limitations. For if all positions are to be confronted by relating them to their cultural milieu and then countering them with their opposites, or by indicating perspectives more common in other times and places that they ignore, then no direct approach to the truth of the matter appears possible. (Reisman, of course, recognizes limits to this relativism: he says he is absolutely opposed to destructiveness, to Plato's banishment of poets from the ideal society, and he confesses he "tends to become a fanatic crusading against fanaticism," but these are, after all pretty broad limits.) A prattler like Peter Viereck is a gross caricature of the silliness that this extreme self-consciousness about the dialectic of ideas in society can lead to when indulged in by someone lacking Riesman's good sense. Viereck manages to be for and against everything at the same time; a self-styled "conservative" who nevertheless approves of practically all of the changes in American life that have made it increasingly unlike the social order valued by classic conservatives, he loudly trumpets the boldness and originality of his opinions, but if one attends to what he is saying rather than to the tone of his voice it becomes clear that he rarely takes a position on any issue that is not so safe and sound as to be devoid of significant content. The frivolity of his fake bucking of the tides of fashion is well revealed by his appeal in a recent review of a book by William Buckley for "a revolt against the revolt against revolt."

Riesman is free from this sort of vulgarity essentially because he possesses a genuine and acute awareness of the connection between thoughts and the thinker, between values and the social group upholding them, which sustains and justifies his probing into what Karl Mannheim called "the existential roots of ideas." Yet his approach is basically a therapeutic one. Not that he employs some trite concept of "mental health" as a measuring-rod—the new phillistinism of efforts to found a whole way of life on watered-down psychoanalytic precepts is one of his targets—but even though his standard is the admirable one of encouraging the widest possible human diversity, he tends to evade a direct approach to ideas that is not mediated by consideration of their role in contemporary culture.

His choice of the Malthusian controversy to illustrate his method of "contextual analysis" is a particularly unfortunate one. He points out that Malthus's pessimism provided a needed dose of realism in the heady Utopian atmosphere of the eighteenth century, but today when Malthus is a culture-hero, Riesman prefers to stress the optimism of Godwin and Condorcet as a corrective to the voices of gloom surrounding us. Now the general dispositions of the age towards optimism or pessimism may tell us a lot about the nature and quality of the passions and prejudices involved in this particular debate, but today at least, if not in the eighteenth century, there is a great deal of objective evidence that can be brought to bear on the Malthusian controversy. Unlike some of the differences over ways of spending leisure or even over broader life-alternatives that Riesman takes up elsewhere in *Individualism Reconsidered*, views on the population problem are not first of all a matter of variant tastes and opinions subject to cramping by ideological bias, but positions which can within limits be adjudged by a direct confrontation of the evidence (although admittedly most popular writers, whether alarm-

ists like Vogt or Utopians like De Castro, are animated by distorting prejudices).

In general, Riesman's insistence on the value of relaxation, on the necessity of turning away at times from those real or fancied forebodings of catastrophe which make it fashionable to speak always in sonorous voices that too often ring with false piety, and his affirmation of the naive curiosity and civilized urbanity prevalent in more serene ages—all of these recommended attitudes are "liberating," yet granted the realization of many of our formerly millennial hopes, we have hardly put the turbulence of the twentieth century behind us. It is Riesman's merit to recognize the economic and cultural achievements of the past few decades, but this is still the century of "hyperbolic war," to use Raymond Aron's phrase, of Hitler, Stalin, and the garrison state, not to speak of minor nuisances like the Wisconsin Senator. In spite of all the tiresome ideologues who discern the shadows of 1984 in anything and everything they dislike about modern life, we were not mistaken in canonizing George Orwell. One cannot afford to forget under the spell of Reisman's insouciance that another severe depression or atomic war—and these are scarcely wildly improbable eventualities—would in an instant cut the ground out from under his bland acceptance of American life.

In justice to Riesman, it must be added that he is fully aware of the possible abuses and evasions inherent in his position and he details them with remarkable candor. Although Riesman's ever-present consciousness of the relationship between his own judgments and current intellectual fashions is occasionally irritating, it is refreshing to find a thinker who insists on sweeping himself, his audience, and his fellow-intellectuals into the net of his analysis. So much wooden impersonal prose is composed by social scientists and literary critics who seem to be perched on some invisible Mount Olympus towering above their subjects, or concealed perhaps behind one of those plate-glass windows that allow only one-way vision.

Moreover, if one chooses to consider Riesman simply as a sociologist or social psychologist, his "contextual" approach is the very perspective one associates with those disciplines and he employs it with rare sensitivity. But it is precisely because he is more than this, because he is a social critic and philosopher of unusual originality in these dry years, that one is encouraged to evaluate him with reference to his wider and more ambitious goals.

DENNIS H. WRONG

Ob Fortunate Coelenterata

The jellyfish in a world of stone
Basks in an accidental ocean.
He has no need of flesh or bone
For making love or locomotion.

The jagged beaches of the moon
Would never spare his tender matter.
A brace of eyeballs torn and strewn
The lacerate coelenterata.

But in our sea and half-alive
By compromise and adaptation
The polyp seems to gorge and thrive
In spite of cosmic lapidation.

Alan Brown

Injunction

Stand, haft of hoe in hand,
Breathe the naked air and sing
Of summer and the birches' scent at eventide.
Bid adieu to rainy spring
And feel the ploughed, sun—hot soil
With hands hurt but whole from toil.
Remembering wrestling with the hay in the warm fore-
noon of the day:
Walnut, sweat—varnished face set with a glinting smile
As Harvey, straining, levers up another pile
With fierce wide—staring concentration, the body—
spirit in animation.

And now like lights going out the birds
Cease their twitter in the trees
While night stalks the heavy stillness
Broken by a fanlike breeze.
Laugh with this honest, homely kind,
So purge the troubled and lonely mind
In gaily knowing unknown tomorrow may be better,
Assured no worse than these; but bravely sieve your
tiny yesterdays
Till the mixture is enriched. There are ways
To find a more radiant heaven: quiet sleep.

David Parsons

Proconsul

Thus saith:
Never had any trouble with the natives
They know their place
Or would do if it weren't for the damned agitators.
"Damned" was no figure
A special place in hell (has it dominion status yet?) reserved
For them, I mean the agitators not the decent natives.
And at Genoa he observed
These Lombards are like us, fair, don't you know, and so on,
I never cared for the Dago element.
And a dock hand spat when he saw the voluble
peddler who wheedled me,
Napoli, he said, and spat.
To the complete satisfaction of my eminent friend.
But Kibo discarding his clouds in the evening sunlight
White shoulder in the blue air
frangipani (remember?)
the bulbul sang
Fresh.
Of this he was continually silent.

Kildare R. E. Dobbs

Small Town Editor

Acquainted with saints, confessor of publicans,
Privy to all the hopes and fears of Council,
He is not ungrateful for felony and crimes
Contrary to the laws of God and man.
As sensitive to alarm as collie or gander,
If wounded, he bleeds printer's ink in an agony
Of editorial passion that rouses the blood.
Jubilant, he lavishes adjectives
With the actor's flair for flamboyance. Hailed the
fellow
Of odd fish, old timers, boosters and advertisers,
He charges the transient with significance
And the trivial with portentousness. He is
The town crier, public conscience, and sentinel.
Pledged to love and honour, obey and tell.

Fred Swayze

When Spring Was Broken

When spring was broken
What startled bold-face was the cry of crime?
But a small hailstorm—hard un-saline tears—
And an earthquake not of any quality
To rock the needles even of a town,
More like dry sobbing
Of a single lawn,
Broke spring over summer.

Oh and the mole-soft
City of leaves shouted
Down

But there was still growing to be done
And not so easy this time.

I'm sorry, for I knew the summer
Had come its three days late
But I trusted luck
No dry results were following.

Yes, yes, but not from purpose,
Telling the truth if only three days late
Passing the trouble to another season.

And I know too, admit before the question,
That all the trouble had been there before
But only summer and the dark stars showed it.

Do? What I intend? . . .
That's talk as if I ever had been free
More than a second at a time and then
Not knowing.
So I must follow summer
And its hard growing. Only winters later
Think, as you seem to have me thinking now
Of suddenly, with no more breaking,
Going.

Alan Brown

On Science

Ancients of forty and few,
once shawl-cocooned and peeking
through baby-blue eyes at matching summer skies,
and now, like safe old spaniels,
doomed to be the sport of nudish brats,
may sometimes sadly ponder the onslaughts of Science.
Overhead the governess-carts of the future drone,
and, doubtless, in the strato-sphere slick, ram-jet equipages
spank after the earth's turn-over. Eyes
are electrically stretched for fifty and ears for thousands of
miles.

The Gene, the Atom, the Subconscious,
point go-seek fingers towards fantastic woods where
timid uncles are chary of walking with wicked babes
lest the Boffins smother their antique graces in printed
leaves.

The diagnostic robot flicks us to the biochemist and back to Methuselah.

It is a wonderful world. Why then should I enviously recall my mother's cousin Bertie at my age remarking, "Settle down with some nice gal. Stuff and nonsense, Emmeline! Plenty of time for that." Has Science failed me after all?

J. L. Smalwood

Books Reviewed

THE POETRY OF DYLAN THOMAS: Elder Olson; University of Toronto Press (University of Chicago Press); pp. 164; \$3.25.

American know-how is a formidable force. Whatever foreign instruments it may import and use there is no denying that it deserves most of the credit in its own name for—to take an everyday example—unscrewing the inscrutable atom. The kind of native curiosity that takes apart alarm-clocks and unhinges neutrons inevitably turns with the same success to the dissection of poetry.

Mr. Olson is as sincerely devoted to Dylan Thomas's writing as a keen research worker is to the laboratory cat. His studies of the sources of the poems, of their implications and their intentions, have been so thorough that no doubt remains in his mind, so far as one can judge from this book, about the accuracy of his conclusions. And he may even be right. But to re-read the sonnets after breezing through the twenty-seven pages Mr. Olson devotes to them is rather like trying to carry on a gallant conversation with a beautiful woman after seeing her psychiatrist's report. (Not, I hasten to add in his defence, that Mr. Olson belongs to the psychoanalytical school of critics.)

In my edition of Thomas's poems these sonnets occupy six pages. Mr. Olson, as I mentioned, cracks them in twenty-seven. There are some interesting relations contained in this proportion of roughly one to five. I found that I could read the Olson analysis at the rate of 55 seconds per page, which for the twenty-seven pages gives a total reading-time of 24 minutes and 45 seconds. I've been looking into the sonnets over a period of months, with a great deal of enjoyment it's true, but without ever coming to anything like the crystalline view of their levels of meaning, their technique, their basic cosmic assumptions and their complex symbolism that I achieved in 24 minutes and 45 seconds with Mr. Olson's exegesis. What can this mean? It means, for one thing, that I shall have to wait a few more months before looking at the sonnets again with any hope of pleasure.

It's quite possible that I would never have "understood" the poems without the critic's help. But I would, quite frankly, prefer continuing to misunderstand them or not trying to understand them at all to having them suddenly stripped down before my eyes like a lovely, lethal weapon, its fire-power made harmless, its hidden springs suddenly and rudely exposed, its quality as a thing itself resolved into small functions.

The trouble is not that twenty-seven pages of prose are too many to explain six pages of poetry. They are far too few. The analysis should, if possible, be even more obscure than the poetry, so that important mysteries are not too hastily unveiled. Hints, not statements, are called for. A critic should be as hesitant to declare the meaning of a poem as the Hebrews were to pronounce the true name of God. There is no reason why more people should not read poetry, except that fewer and fewer people seem to want to; but to think of all the earnest devotees of the Great Books among the students at Chicago suddenly clasping Dylan Thomas to their bosom and making him their own *via* Olson is a frightening thought.

There are eighty-nine pages of the book proper, six pages of prose paraphrases, five pages of glossary, and forty-five pages of useful bibliography by William H. Huff, reference assistant at Northwestern University library, not to mention fifteen pages of notes by the author on his own text, plus a two-page index of poems cited prepared by Mrs. R. S.

Crane. I would unhesitatingly recommend the bibliography to people who like Thomas's poetry, for it gives the impression of utter reliability and thoroughness. It even lists a review of *New Poems* that appeared in *The Canadian Forum* in September 1943, and tells where to find a number of prose works by Thomas that would certainly be hard to locate on one's own.

The whole project leaves me with somewhat the same feeling as those inspired by the going-on at Los Alamos—considerable respect for systematic work, coupled with awe and amazement at the approach. Mr. Olson is a bit of a poet himself. The jacket informs us that he won the Eunice Tietjens Memorial Award for a group of his works that appeared in *Poetry Magazine*. I haven't read any of them, but I'm tempted to picture Mr. Elder Olson as a pretty self-conscious bard. Imagine getting all those levels of meaning in perspective before you wrote a line!

Looking for a quotation the other day I was driven finally to an old and ratty copy of *Shorter Poems* that's been kicking around for the last twenty years or so. It once belonged, the fly-leaf says, to Douglas C., Gov. Gen., B.A., M.A., X.P., Q.R., Millbrook, Ontario (the fly-leaf actually goes on to establish the old owner's relative location on the earth and in the cosmos but this would take too long to recapitulate). I found the lines I wanted on page 451:

"I despised myself and the voices of my accursed human education.

And I thought of the albatross,
And I wished he would come back, my snake.
For he seemed to me again like a king,
Like a king in exile, uncrowned in the underworld,
Now due to be crowned again.
And so, I missed my chance with one of the lords
Of life.
And I have something to expiate . . ."

Opposite the last line I've quoted Douglas C., Gov. Gen., etc., had plunged his grubby but promising pencil into the tabernacle of poetry, and come up with the perfect critical bottle-cap: "His mean attitude towards the snake . . ."

Alan Brown.

THE UNIVERSITY OF UTOPIA: Robert M. Hutchins; University of Toronto Press (University of Chicago Press); pp. 103; \$2.50.

Robert M. Hutchins has for many years performed a valuable service to American society by telling it some unpalatable truths about itself. Mr. Hutchins is primarily an educator, and his writings have largely been concerned with problems of education. But from Socrates onward it has been clear that the problem of education is the centre at which all the problems of society converge, and Mr. Hutchins' books thus have much wider implications than might at first be supposed. A nation or a society gets the kind of education it wants; and the character of its educational system is one of the best ways to gauge the character of a society.

In these lectures, delivered at the University of Chicago of which Mr. Hutchins was once President, he repeats with new vigor some of his basic criticisms of American education. Completely in thrall to a business society, American education is primarily a custodial system to keep the young out of harm's way until they are old enough to work; and the function of education, accordingly, is felt to be that of job-training. Independent intellectual activity has little place in such a system, and the universities are controlled—in a

manner unparalleled anywhere else in the Western world—by non-intellectual and even anti-intellectual groups.

Mr. Hutchins cogently shows the roots of this situation in American history, and traces the failures of American education to the lack of the long tradition of free and independent intellectual inquiry that the major European universities have enjoyed. Perhaps Mr. Hutchins would have given a more balanced picture if he had pointed out that the American system faces a problem of mass education on the higher levels quite different from that faced by any European society. But no acceptable solution has yet been found for this problem, and Mr. Hutchins's criticisms are all well taken.

In some of his earlier books Mr. Hutchins was quite sanguine about remedying this state of affairs in American education; but there is a subdued bitterness in the present volume that does not appear very hopeful. Mr. Hutchins was speaking in Chicago, it might be observed, at the very moment the new university administration was dismantling his old program; no doubt this led to some melancholy reflections. The book concludes with a defence of academic freedom and free speech that could not be more relevant, and a reminder that these values—not those of conformity and suppression—are in the true American tradition.

Joseph Frank.

THE TUNNEL OF LOVE: Peter De Vries; Little, Brown; pp. 246; \$4.00.

The scene is Avalon, Connecticut, where commuter-intellectuals and soi-disant artists find their main social diversion in psychological strip-tease. The narrator, an art editor of *The Townsman*, is a steady chap among the neurotics but he tries hard to prove that he too has "blocks" and gets tied up in knots. His wife, who has borne four children, is equally normal; her only aberration is a weakness for word sequences like "Winter sports leave me cold" and "Deep down, he's shallow." But Dick and Audrey have neighbors, Isolde and Augie Poole, who are trying to get a baby for adoption. Isolde, an actress manqué, has given up ALL for Augie, "a third-rate artist in whom a first-rate gagman was trying to claw his way out." Dick and Audrey set out to satisfy a child adoption agency that the Pooles are sound parental timber, a job that takes some doing because Augie has slept with forty-three women and has never been a good provider. Read on and see how the Pooles get two babies.

The plot, of course, is just a peg for the fun and the verbal jewel-work. The fun is about married life, raising kids, Parent-Teacher Associations, and the capers of the suburban intelligentsia. The writing is bright and smart in the *New Yorker* way; every page has a figure like "Mrs. Mash was a tall woman with a mouth like a mail slot and eyes the color of soy sauce" or "beneath hair the color of ripe wheat, her smile played, ionizing my stream of consciousness." The book sparkles with epigrams: "The value of marriage is not that adults produce children but that children produce adults" and "Women are like lobsters. The tenderest meat is in the claws." Altogether it is a diverting bit of fluff.

Carlyle King

KATHERINE MANSFIELD: Antony Alpers; Clarke, Irwin (Jonathan Cape); pp. 376 and xvi; \$4.25.

The name of Katherine Mansfield conjures up for most of us a fey spirit possessed of a minor but genuine genius for the short story. The volume of her work is pitifully small but in these slight stories, sometimes not more than sketches there is a mysterious element of unforgettability upon which no critic has been able to place his finger precisely, and which has eluded many imitators. Has anyone who has

met "Miss Brill" or "Kezia" of "The Doll's House" ever forgotten them?

It is to be hoped that the appearance of a second biography in the past two or three years indicates a revival of interest in Mansfield's work. The viewpoint of the young New Zealander who wrote the present volume is that of an ardent devotee of Mansfield herself. In this book Mr. Middleton Murry emerges once more as a decidedly unsympathetic figure, as indeed he does from the "Letters" and "Journal" which he himself has edited.

He reconstructs very fully the years of Miss Mansfield's childhood and early girlhood as Kathleen Beauchamp of Wellington, the prosperous father, unhappy mother and the more conventional out-going sisters, the whole world of narrow provincial society against which K. M. rebelled, and from which she escaped to London at the first opportunity.

Then came her Bohemian years; her brief first marriage, her alliance with Middleton Murry finally legalized after six years in which she was not sure whether or not she was really divorced! Her literary connections with various London periodicals are traced, and finally the heart-breaking years of her lonely and hopeless fight against tuberculosis in the little villas and pensions of Southern France and Italy. It was in these years that she perfected her technique and succeeded at last in those sensitive and lucid characterizations which grace her best work.

Mr. Alpers' account of her life throws some light on the springs of her talent but is more concerned with the details of her living than with her writing. The book includes an index and notes on sources.

Hilda Kirkwood.

DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA: Miguel Cervantes Saavedra; trans. by Walter Starkie; with decorations from the drawings by Gustave Doré; Macmillan; pp. 594; \$4.00.

Faced by the wide-spread belief that nobody reads the "classics" any more, cultural optimists must be encouraged to note that within the last four years no less than three new translations of *Don Quixote* have appeared. Perhaps the extraordinary viability of this "great book" comes from the fact that it appeals equally to the unsophisticated lover of good yarns, life-like characterization, merry horse-play, racy dialogue and mellow worldly wisdom and to the high-level seekers (much in evidence nowadays) for symbolism and subtle irony. It is the least obtrusively "literary" of the masterworks, its language is for the most part the salty speech of the Spanish common people which he who runs may read, yet only Burns and Pushkin perhaps among European writers have equalled Cervantes' feat of turning the popular idiom of their race into such an instrument of literary virtuosity.

Whether after the excellent new versions of Cohen and Putnam still a third was called for we leave to the publisher to discover. However, this is a carefully planned and admirably executed presentation of *Don Quixote* to a generation which the editor, perhaps rightly, considers impatient of the gigantic dimensions of the original. A lengthy "Prelude" of 116 pages gives an almost superabundant amount of information about Cervantes, and the translation itself is as faithful a mirror of the original as one could hope for. The "Irish lilt" of the dialogues between the Don and Sancho and the popular savor of the vocabulary reproduce the spirit and music of the original to a surprising degree. Yet abridgments are drastic operations—this one must have cut away more than half of the original—and those who like to take their "great books" straight will miss many a famous passage, particularly many musings of the Don on life and letters.

The book is handsomely presented with clear and beautiful letter-press. Doré's drawings add an almost Victorian charm to the pages.
A. F. B. Clark.

GEORGE HERBERT: HIS RELIGION AND ART: Joseph H. Summers; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Harvard University Press); pp. 247; \$5.50.

We are in the midst of a re-discovery of George Herbert, who was not lost, just temporarily in the shadow of Donne—though some of us have never thought that Donne's shadow was as big as all that. Miss Rosemund Tuve's *A Reading of George Herbert* has been followed by Margaret Bottrall's *George Herbert* and by the volume under review. These studies reflect current scholarly dissatisfaction with the definitions of and the values attributed to "metaphysical poetry" in the last forty years, and they give us a better understanding of Herbert's temper and techniques than we had before.

Mr. Summers has written an admirable book, scholarly, sane, even subtle. In one sense, it is a "Herbert handbook," for it contains a preliminary historical survey of critical opinion, a solid biographical section which is an excellent supplement and corrective to Walton's *Life*, a lucid analysis of Herbert's poetic "theory," and an elaborate study of the form and content of the poems, with some illuminating observations on their relation to contemporary music. What is not in the text has been attended to in the notes.

Yet this is not just a handbook by any means. Mr. Summers understands that habit of mind which saw nature and revelation as a system of divine "hieroglyphs," with God as the first metaphysical poet, and it is upon this perception that he properly bases his interpretation of *The Temple*. A poem of Herbert sets out to imitate the divine order, and its essence is *decorum*, which is not to be confused with one kind of simplicity (naïveté) but is equivalent to another kind (comeliness). Read rightly, Herbert's poems are neither effusions nor tricks, but the art of religion, which is not to be mistaken for the religion of art.
Millar MacLure.

HENRI POINCARÉ: CRITIC OF CRISIS: Tobias Dantzig; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 294; \$8.75.

In his *Men of Mathematics*, E. T. Bell relates the following anecdote. When asked by a politically minded Briton in the World War I era to name the greatest Frenchman of modern times, Bertrand Russell answered without hesitation, "Poincaré." "What, that man!" exclaimed his questioner, thinking of Raymond Poincaré, President of France. "Oh," said Russell, perceiving the misunderstanding, "I was thinking of Raymond's cousin, Henri Poincaré."

Few people today would deny to Henri Poincaré the highest place among mathematicians of the late nineteenth century. In addition to his fundamental contributions to mathematics and mathematical physics, which are now accessible to the professional mathematician in eight volumes of his collected works, Poincaré wrote four books on the philosophy of science: *La Science et l'Hypothèse*, *Science et Méthode*, *La Valeur de la Science*, and *Dernières Pensées*. These have been widely translated and are still, after half a century, required reading for any mathematician or physicist who is interested in the foundations and philosophy of his subject. Professor Dantzig, who studied under Poincaré in Paris in the early years of this century and who has had a distinguished career as a mathematician on this continent, has written a book which, in his own words "is not intended to be a systematic exposition of the scientific philosophy of Poincaré," but is rather "—to use a musical idiom—at best variations on themes of Poincaré."

Poincaré died in 1912, four years before the publication of Einstein's general theory of relativity. Tremendous

changes have therefore taken place since his day in the scientist's conception of the nature of the physical universe. Professor Dantzig, in discussing these contemporary scientific issues makes no claim to interpret them as Poincaré would have seen them, but has tried to interpret them "in the light of the teaching of the great thinker." The result is a series of essays dealing with such topics as space, time, causality, scientific measurement, the relationship between geometry and space, the infinite in mathematics and its implications for the physical world. There is much in the book for the informed layman and more for the professional mathematician or physicist. The exposition is clear and the book ranks high among popular treatments of the philosophic aspects of modern physics and mathematics.

D. C. Murdoch.

THE SPANISH TEMPER: V. S. Pritchett; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 219; \$3.15.

The well-known English essayist and critic has produced here a journalistic travelogue of a superior variety. Crossing the frontier at Hendaye he lets us see and hear the Spaniards in the train conversing; he contrasts them with the French and Italian passenger and from that is led into a disquisition on the Spanish character. In Madrid we sit at a café and watch the people passing by; this suggests some comparisons between Republican and Franco Spain. Inspecting the gloomy, monastic palace of the Escorial, we are moved to consider the totalitarianism of Philip II and the Inquisition. In Santayana's birth-place, Avila, we cannot forget his compatriot Santa Teresa, and she leads on the Loyola and the Jesuits. In Sevilla we meditate on Don Juan and the bullfight. As we move up the fertile and prosperous Mediterranean coast from Valencia to Barcelona we study modern, industrialized Spain. In fact, one thing just leads to another; it is all quite unsystematic, impressionistic, inconclusive, and might, to one totally ignorant of Spanish things, prove a bit bewildering. As the author says: "This is a personal book and not primarily a work of information. It assumes the reader has, at any rate, read his Guide." For one who has actually been in Spain, the writer's gift of the crisp, evocative phrase that etches scenes and types unforgettably, and his suggestive (though possibly sometimes dubious) generalizations about "the Spanish temper" will revive the memories of journeys long ago.

A. F. B. Clark.

LIRA ESPANOLA: REPRESENTATIVE SPANISH LYRIC POETRY: selected and edited with critical introduction by Diego Marín; University of Toronto; pp. 375; \$2.75.

Amongst the anthologies of Spanish poetry primarily intended for college students the present work has certain features which make it particularly commendable. The work



has been planned as a foundation to an introductory course on the subject and from that point of view Diego Marín's work is eminently satisfactory. The Introduction is a balanced statement of the essential, permanent characteristics of Spanish poetry as a whole. It also includes a summary account of the principles of modern Spanish versification and a description of the main types of metres and stanza forms from the Middle Ages to the end of the nineteenth century. The anthology consists of 153 representative works, ranging from fifteenth and sixteenth century ballads of various types to Antonio Machado, Juan Ramón Jiménez, and Federico García Lorca. The selections from each individual poet are preceded by short introductory essays, written in elegant, concise Spanish. They are always adequate to the purpose, and some are excellent. They show critical appreciation and taste uncommon in works of this kind. The bibliographical lists which follow the general introduction and the individual essays are generally discriminating and include a notice on English translations. A substantial part of the work is devoted to notes. They are consistently apposite and helpful to the student, and include here and there illuminating observation on stylistic and formal problems. They reveal an experienced and inspiring teacher. Amongst the major poets of the Golden Age, Quevedo is not represented. It is a great pity.

Ig. González-Llubera.

TOWARD THE QUIET MIND: Lawrence M. Lande; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 101; \$2.50.

Lawrence Lande is a Montreal businessman, a financier and a poet. His book is in part a lay sermon on the Old Testament Book of Job, in part a confession of the author's personal faith. The last chapter which is in the form of an open letter to an atomic scientist shows that the background of Mr. Lande's thinking is the scientific thought, the suffering and the threat of evil so common to our age. His account of the Book of Job is brief but sufficient and contains many sound insights. He admires Job's "all-abiding faith in God's ultimate judgment" and says: "The Book of Job shows us how to meet adversity in all its forms, spiritual, mental and physical. It tells us that adversity is as much a trust within our hands as good fortune." Mr. Lande is a poet and a mystic. The essence of his position is revealed in two sentences. "Truth to the scientist, the craftsman, and the philosopher is one thing; truth to the believer, the mystic, the artist and the poet is another." "The most important words in my Credo are *I believe*." *M. T. Newby.*

HYDROPONICS: THE BENGAL SYSTEM: J. Sholto Douglas; Oxford; pp. 147; \$2.00.

Written by the originator of the Bengal system of soil-less cultivation of plants this book gives detailed information for establishment and management of hydroponicum, that is, an apparatus for growing crops in soil-less media.

Two brief sketches, one on historical development of the method, another on plant physiology, precede the description of the general technique of hydroponics, as practised in Bengal India. The exposition is presented in non-technical terms to enable even a complete amateur to follow the instructions lavishly given by the author. The book is well supplied with formulae for nutrient mixtures to be used in a hydroponicum, as well as illustrations of the various phases of the production.

The author's enthusiasm for the method by which to increase the food supply makes the reader optimistic about the future of food situation in India. A Canadian reader, however, is aware of the lesser importance of that method for Canada in that respect since this country produces at present more food than can be consumed at home. And should Canada need more, which may happen as its population increases, an intensification of agricultural production

will be the method: the yield per acre in Canada is still somewhat lower than in many a civilized country of Europe.

However, even in Canada there may be isolated cases where a supply of fresh vegetables may be advantageously produced by hydroponics. Production under glass of such crops as roses, carnations, tomatoes, and some others, has been already practised in Canada by hydroponics and so far as this reviewer observed, this method presents certain distinct advantages over the ordinary methods of production. These advantages are classified in the book. Growers practising hydroponics in Canada, whether professional or amateur-enthusiasts, will find the book very helpful.

B. P. Skev.

JERUSALEM JOURNEY: H. F. M. Prescott; McClelland and Stewart (Eyre & Spottiswoode); pp. 242; \$3.75.

Miss Hilda Prescott is widely known as the author of that excellent novel of the Tudor period, *Man on a Donkey*. *Jerusalem Journey* is a different type of book, but in its way it is quite as fascinating. The characters with which she brought to life the England of Henry VIII were partly fictional, but this time we meet only men and women who actually made the pilgrimage to the Holy Land in the fifteenth century, for Miss Prescott has drawn upon the many journals kept by the pilgrims to build this richly detailed picture of fifteenth-century society. While she has made use of dozens of medieval manuscripts, her major source is the account of Friar Felix Fabri of Ulm who made two journeys to the Holy Sepulchre in 1480 and 1483, and described them in "a little book" that in the nineteenth-century edition runs to three volumes and nearly fifteen hundred pages. As Miss Prescott says, his writing "contains the most varied, profuse, and entertaining medley of piety and frivolity, shrewdness and simplicity, observation and credulity, all heavily garnished with classical and theological learning, and illuminated by the friar's own good humor and inexhaustible gusto of living." From this rich lode Miss Prescott has extracted the purest ore for our enjoyment. She lets us travel with the zealous pilgrims, sharing their food and drink, their lodgings, and their galleys, and seeing through their eyes the many sights that were part of the traditional pilgrimage.

Edith Powke.

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AUTHORS invited to submit MSS all types (including poems) for publication. Stockwell Ltd., Elms Court, Ilfracombe, England. (Est. 1898.)

NATION OF THE NORTH: D. M. LeBourdais; British Book Service; pp. 270; \$3.75.

It is almost as inevitable that professors should write histories as that instruments should be played by musicians. The study of histories in various periods is the everyday task of many of them. These historians have no particular obligation to their readers except to present the facts, and perhaps their own interpretation of them. Don LeBourdais is not a historian but a newspaperman, and his approach is different from that of the professors. He acknowledges his obligation to be interesting, to be readable which is the prime duty of every writer who hopes for an audience. Thus the present work is different from others we have read on the period in question. There is the same scrupulous adherence to the facts as in standard histories, but there are many little things that interest a newspaperman that would seem trivial to the professor. Consequently this book is one to be highly recommended. Few who read it will not find enlightenment. Nobody, we think, will fail to be reminded of events that have faded from his memory. That at least was the pleasant experience of this reviewer.

J. V. McAree.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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A NATURAL HISTORY OF MAMMALS: Fañçoise Broulière; trans. by H. M. Parshley; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 363; \$5.75.

A survey of what is known of the life of the seventeen orders of mammals under natural conditions, as distinct from laboratory, zoological or domestic environments. This includes chapters on the home, sexual and social life of these animals of the air, earth or water, their devices for protection and defence and an exceedingly interesting last chapter entitled, "The Structure and Dynamics of Natural Populations." The book, written by a specialist on a technical subject, nevertheless has such a clear and lucid style that the layman reads with understanding and pleasure.

The author constantly points out gaps in the scientific knowledge of mammals, and suggests many fields for study. Dr. Broulière regrets the tendency to apply to mammals in general, including the primates to which man belongs, conclusions drawn from observations on cats, dogs, guinea pigs and white rats. "Has not," he asks, "a whole school of experimental psychologists somewhat confused animal psychology with the study of the behavior of the white rat?" The theories he puts forward are only tentative, but he does throw cold water on some popular beliefs, for instance that the fluctuations in the population of the snow-shoe hare are caused by sun spots, or alternately, by the incidence of disease. The first of these ideas has been disproved, and the latter at least discredited. To nature lovers Dr. Broulière suggests that observation of mammals, while somewhat more difficult than bird watching, is at least as fascinating, and this book clearly proves his point. Illustrated with photographs and drawings.

D.M.G.

THE CITY AND THE WAVE: Jon Godden; Michael Joseph; pp. 223; \$2.50.

Len Chase is an ascetic Eurasian living in an overcrowded Indian city. He is deeply impressed with the correlation between the terrible poverty, the disease, and the almost overwhelming population. So much so, that for him the greatest sin is to create life, and in doing so, to add inevitably to the suffering. One evening while walking alone in the rain, he is followed home by a young orphan girl who begs to be allowed to spend the night under his roof. During the night she cries, and while comforting her, unaware of what he is doing, he sins. On becoming aware of the consequences of this action, he becomes hysterical, and after marrying the girl, attempts to induce an abortion. When he fails, Len then arranges to destroy her. Ultimately he finds he cannot, and departs from reality into a glorious hallucination in which he has a revelation. A great wave is to come, wiping the city from the earth, and creating a lovely wet barren sandy beach. He goes to his employer to warn him, and his superior realizing Len is sick, releases him from work, and advises him to see a doctor. Len also attempts to warn his close friend, Father Tom, who reminds Len that at one time he denied the responsibilities of the church and chose the life of the world, and that he must learn to accept reality as a man among the living. Len is heartsick. However, when his child is finally born, he is overcome with the wonder and strength of birth, and at last prepares to accept his lot. The girl, uncomplaining, and without any real love from Len, manages through a wonderful persistence to create for him an awareness of the happiness in life. The relationship between the couple, as in the Botanical Gardens, is extraordinarily touching.

The book naturally dwells relentlessly on the lovely level of humanity, but the compassion and objectivity of the author is evident in the treatment of her native land.

Claire McLaughlin